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## BIRMINGHAM AND ROCHESTER.

THE boldest Separatists have hardly attempted to disguise the severity of the blow which has been dealt them in Birmingham. And it may be added that probably none but the most foolish are without the most uncomfortable of all reflections—the reflection *tu l'as voulu*. Gladstonians, as for a moment they thought of doing, might have made an elegant virtue out of a patent necessity, and acquiesced at once in the candidature of Mr. ALBERT BRIGHT. They might at once have assumed an attitude of virtue more stern, if less elegant, and declared that, split or no split in the Unionist camp, they would fight the seat from the first and to the last. They did neither, and it now appears that they have consulted expediency as little as consistency or grace. Moreover, with that infatuation which the least superstitious of minds may recognize, they went on making the worst of their chances and preparing aggravations of their defeat. They were sure that Mr. BALFOUR'S visit, which has had such well-deserved results, would do more harm than good. They elaborately instigated the Conservatives to revolt till the stupidest Conservative ought to have seen, and all but some very stupid Conservatives (chiefly leaders) did see, through this good advice. Finally, they announced with glee that even their adversaries did not hope to win by more than two thousand, with the obvious intention of claiming, not only victory, but defeat by any less majority, as a triumph. The result, as everybody knows, is that they experienced one of the heaviest defeats met with by any party since the general election, if not the very heaviest. They could scarcely muster a quarter of the constituency, and not a third of the voting electors, to their side; they were beaten by three thousand votes; and they had the satisfaction of seeing Conservatives and Liberals—that is to say, true and unperturbed Liberals—working together almost as cordially as if there had been no split. "All's well that ends well" applies excellently on the Conservative side, though all most certainly did not begin or continue well, and the mass of the party are to be sincerely congratulated on their good sense and good discipline.

If politics were only a game, and if 'twere done when 'tis done, he would be an ungenerous Unionist who grudged Gladstonians the consolation of obtaining a seat at Rochester by as nearly as possible one-fortieth of the majority by which they failed at Birmingham to obtain one, and in a constituency where the total poll did not much exceed the votes which Mr. ALBERT BRIGHT had to spare. But in Parliament a vote is a vote, and it is very much to be regretted that one has been lost by the right side, and one gained by the wrong. To do Separatists justice, however, they do not seem to be very greatly elated by this victory, the causes of which are sufficiently well known. A seat where the majority at two successive elections has been such that the conversion of scarcely more than a hundred voters would make it a minority can never be called safe in any case, and in this case the main disadvantage which weighed upon Mr. BERESFORD HOPE at Kennington weighed, and still more heavily, upon Alderman DAVIES at Rochester. The Conservative party has not the monopoly of sheep that are not white. But it is less ingenious in purging itself of them than its opponents, and—which is still more important—it is happily for the most part destitute of the services of those journalists whose chief function and dearest delight is to make assaults on private character. The party which holds up CHARLES JAMES FOX as its great exemplar in politics and morals must, no doubt, have been congenially employed in cultivating righteous indignation on the subject of the late member for Rochester; at any rate, it did so with great vigour, persistence, and success. Mr.

KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN adds one to that sacred band of Gladstonian youth—as youth is counted in politics—over which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN lavishes affectionate encomiums, and to the curious list of sons of new-made peers, who are distinguished as extreme Radicals, being, perhaps, conscious that they have not much else to distinguish them. Youth has many advantages, even when it is unaccompanied by wisdom; for, at any rate, it has time to become wise.

## THE EAST END.

THE common and too just complaint that all the gush of sympathy shown a short time ago for the inhabitants of the slums was utterly barren is no longer quite true. Discussion of the subject has at least helped to produce the very solid book on *Life and Labour in East London*, which has just been edited by Mr. CHARLES BOOTH (WILLIAMS & NORGATE). Mr. BOOTH'S interest in East London is of longer standing and more respectable origin than the afore-mentioned fit of gush. In this volume he has collected the results of a long course of work. The mere bulk of his own contribution is by no means in proportion to the labour he has spent on it. To a large extent it consists of returns and statements of results which represent a great deal of sifting and boiling down of evidence. As much is, no doubt, true of the papers contributed by Mr. BOOTH'S colleagues. Taken as a whole, the book is written with commendable sobriety. Average human nature can rarely quite resist the temptation to rise into "style," but Mr. BOOTH and his friends err seldom in this way. As a rule, they write like sensible people who can estimate facts, and they show a wholesome contempt for the noise and the bottomless hasty lying of the gushing newspaper gentleman who does "headed articles." The few differences of opinion and view which are to be found in the volume rather increase the force of the general agreement of its authors. It does not, for instance, materially weaken our confidence in either when we find Mr. BOOTH on one page rising into almost lyric enthusiasm over the ennobling influence of large School Board buildings in a poor district, and then a little further on (not without agreement) we hear Miss BEATRICE POTTER speak of the "well-educated failure, that unlucky production of the 'shallow intellectualism of our Board schools.'" When the book comes to a second edition, Miss POTTER might profitably run her pen through certain sentences of hers about individualism in the article on the "Docks." What is the good of saying that the well-to-do of the East End "all 'alike obey the eternal formula of the individualist creed—'Am I my brother's keeper?'" This sort of thing is invidious, and withal not so wise as the words of a lady should be. Silly sentimental people make a great abuse of CAIN'S futile attempt to deceive. They forget that the sin lay in the deceit, and in this—that he had, in fact, constituted himself ABEL'S keeper when he arrogated to himself the right to inflict capital punishment on him. To confine your relations with your brother-man, who happens to be a journeyman, to honestly paying him such wages as he will accept for such work as he can do, is not the same thing as to kill him out of spite and envy—sentimentalists and warm-hearted ladies to the contrary, notwithstanding. Little erratic flourishes of this kind do not greatly signify in themselves, but they show an animus, which somewhat diminishes the value of Miss POTTER'S evidence.

As might be expected, the picture which Mr. BOOTH draws of the East End of London differs very widely from those which the daily papers supply when the wind blows favourably for twaddle about the "Bitter Cry of Outcast

"London." His dry figures and facts show that the great majority of the 900,000 persons or so who are calculated to form the East End population—live under conditions of a very tolerable kind. The accuracy of the statistics he has collected may be of course open to question, but it has every appearance of being sound. Mr. BOOTH has gone largely by the information collected by school Inspectors, checked by personal knowledge. The results look consistent with probability. Out of the 900,000 East Londoners Mr. BOOTH has calculated that 627,000 are in receipt of regular wages ranging from eighteen to fifty shillings a week. Of the remainder, 74,247 receive irregular earnings. The well-to-do form nearly 80,000 of the population. When these classes, who in their various degrees fight the battle of life with more or less success, are deducted, there remain the criminal, or semi-criminal, class, which Mr. BOOTH estimates at 10,979, and the class which makes only casual earnings, which he puts at 100,062. These two constitute the very poor who are in a chronic state of want. To the first Mr. BOOTH rightly enough pays very little attention. It is the hopeless "residuum." Nothing can be done for it except kill it out, and if Mr. BOOTH is right, it is being disposed of in the only possible way. The class of casual earnings—Class B in Mr. BOOTH's list—is that one on which he spends the most care. Unlike the purely criminal or semi-criminal class, it does some work, but in a way which does more mischief than good to the community. "They are," says Mr. BOOTH, in an abstract of his remarks on them, "all in great poverty. The heads of families do not average three days' work a week; but, on the other hand, a great many do not want more work—they are a leisured class, preferring to work when they like, and play when they like, and cannot stand the regularity and dullness of civilized existence. The class also includes a large number of widows with families, to whom, of course, the foregoing description does not apply." This class is both wretched itself and is a dead weight on the other classes. All the work it does would be better done by the class above, which Mr. BOOTH calls that of irregular as distinct from casual earnings, in the time which is now idle. It costs the community far more than it contributes, and is, in Mr. BOOTH's opinion, the root of most of the evil in the East End. If it could only be got rid of, the whole standard of living would be raised in the district, decent comfort would replace the pinching and struggle of those who now earn only irregular or the lowest rank of regular wages. The whole working community would be in a better position to make terms for itself, and poverty of the altogether sordid and grinding kind would disappear. Mr. BOOTH's belief is so obviously well founded that it needs no defence. It may be, since the trees are not allowed to grow into the sky in this world, that, if the reform he desires were effected, other compensatory evils would make their appearance; but at least the particular evils of which he complains would be diminished. Unhappily, it is so very difficult to see how even this amount of good is to be done. Mr. BOOTH has a remedy. He proposes that the State should take Class B in hand, and compel it to come into habits of decency. At the first blush this looks vigorous; and there is this to be said for it, that, if Class B were pressed into industrial regiments, it could not well cost the State more than it does already. But no sooner has Mr. BOOTH made this renewal of the famous scheme of FLETCHER of Saltoun than he proceeds to undo his work by adding that, after all, Class B must be treated as free men, and not as slaves. He agrees that pressure may be applied, but it must not amount to effective compulsion. This necessity for the use of half-measures is, as he clearly sees, the weak point of his plan, and will make its application very difficult. We thoroughly agree with him, and are of opinion that he will find the difficulty insurmountable. People who will not work regularly must either be left to muddle along in their own miserable fashion or be driven to behave better. There is no middle way. The question to decide is whether, on the whole, it is better to bear the weight of Class B, or to permit the enormous extension of the functions of the State which would be entailed by the adoption of Mr. BOOTH's suggestion. It is noteworthy that he and his colleagues, while protesting against indiscriminate charity and the ill-directed sympathies of some good people, shrink from saying plainly that more good would be done, in the long run, by a general hard-hearted determination to drive the weak into the workhouse and leave the idle to starve. To be sure, such a general determination is a thing hardly to be expected while Englishmen remain Englishmen. The end

of this speculation, from whatever point you enter on it, is to land you in face of the insurmountable difficulty in getting rid of Class B, not only in the East End, but in the universe at large.

The papers contributed by Mr. BOOTH's colleagues are of the nature of commentary on his text. They are full of interesting details about the life and industries of East London, its sweaters, its docks, and the migrations of its population. We cannot say that they lead up to any very definite result, but at least they demolish many popular delusions. Miss PORTER, for instance, proves by chapter and verse that the bloated sweater of philanthropic imagination is a nearly imaginary person. The large contractors who employ many hands give, she finds, regular employment, pay good wages, and provide the best workshops. The small sweaters toil as hard as their hands—and apparently choose the life on the sailor's principle that it is better to be master and owner of a dung barge than captain of somebody else's clipper. How are men who are ambitious in their humble way to be prevented from working day and night if they think the game worth the candle? It will be a shock to some readers to find that the contributors to this volume have more good to say of the big than of the small employer. Another shock may be given by Miss PORTER's demonstration that the Jew tailors are by no means so miserably ill off as hasty observers have declared, and further, that they do not in the least compete with men who work for "gentlemen who know how to dress themselves." They make bad cheap coats because there is a market for that class of rubbish; but the industrious workmen among them get good wages. Mr. LLEWELLYN SMITH's paper on the Influx of Population into London ought also to clear away a good deal of nonsense which is talked about this matter as well as others. All the writers in this volume recognize and deplore the existence of evils—of poverty, hard struggles for little wage, of squalor, and of manifold misery. They suggest their remedies, which all more or less resolve themselves into more Government inspection—the one cure we all come to, however loudly we may denounce grandmotherly legislation. But they have also to say that insecurity, dire poverty, and squalor are not the lot of all, or even the majority, in the East End. With average health and strength, average industry and sobriety, men can get regular pay, and provide, not only for necessities, but even for luxuries and for the future. They have their clubs and places of discussion. With reasonable good nature and affection they can secure family happiness. Among the very poor there are many who have been crippled in the battle of life, to whom help and pity are due. But there are many more who are malingers and skulkers, who have run from the discipline and the bullets. With these last what is to be done?

#### "VERY CHOICE ITALIAN."

TO see ourselves as others see us is always useful, and sometimes agreeable. The opinion of the civilized world, to which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL once profanely preferred the votes of the electors of Kent, may be cheaply, if not expeditiously, studied through the medium of the foreign press. Italian newspapers pay a flattering amount of attention to English affairs, and they have just lighted upon a stirring incident which, but for their pious intervention, might have rested in comparative obscurity. The moral twilight of our House of Commons, where the shrinking modesty of honourable members prompts them rather to shun than to court observation, cannot baffle the eager glance of the Italian seeker after intelligence. Complaints are sometimes made of the inadequate "facilities" afforded to foreign Correspondents in the lobbies and galleries of the People's Chamber. The "representative" of the *Roman Times* baffled the vigilance of the Parliamentary menials. He knew that a great event was impending, that an historic scene was about to be enacted, and he was early at his post. What did he behold? The House of Commons was draped in black. Its members wore the deepest mourning. The walls and ceiling had been decorated for the occasion by the two greatest living painters, Mr. HENRY HOLIDAY and Mr. WALTER CRANE. What had happened? The Vice-Presidency was vacant. *Le Sieur* COURTENAY, who had held the post so long, and fought the Irish Chief so bravely, had succeeded to the British Peerage by the death of his father, Earl of Devon, who held a commission in Ireland. *Le Sieur* COURTENAY is a man of noble aspect. He traces



his descent through a line of illustrious ancestors to the Crusaders of the middle ages. All lament his loss, and wonder how it can be supplied. Mr. the President, the great Sir ROBERT PEEL, father of Free-trade and of a young man like VICTOR EMMANUEL, who always wears his hat on one side of his head, rises, and in a voice choked with emotion depicts the life of COURTENAY, now Earl of Devon. Lord GLADSTONE, the friend of Italy, follows, and deduces the continuity of history from the Crusades to the institution of Vice-Presidents in the British House of Assembly. He sits down, and the Irish members cry, "First Lord!" adding a word which is not quite like "pence" and not quite like "ounce." The FIRST LORD is the architect of his own fortune. Originally SMITH and Son, he became SMITHSON, allied himself with the noble house of PERCY, and is now Duke of Northumberland. His words are few, but pointed. He says that punctuality is the soul of business, and that *Le Sieur COURTENAY* was never late. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers have been aiming to conceal either from the House or from the country. He thinks that Mr. BALFOUR, conqueror of Ireland, should be Vice-President.

Suddenly the doors are flung open, and the PRIME MINISTER strides in. As a Marquess, he has a special seat reserved for him on the floor. All uncover at his approach, and he returns a haughty bow. Addressing the bare-headed Commons from his seat, he intimates his pleasure that Mr. BALFOUR should be elected. Mr. BALFOUR's Christian name is SPENCER. It was given him by his godfather, the Red Earl, with copies of *First Principles* and *The Fairy Queen*, the gems of the great library at Althorp. The Marquess relapses into gloomy silence, and a lisping voice is heard from a little gallery over the clock, where sits the Earl GRANVILLE, leader of the Opposition to the PRIME MINISTER. The Earl casts sugary compliments upon Mr. BALFOUR, the brilliant champion of law and order in Ireland, upon his chivalry, his courage, his so noble contempt for the Parnellites. But even more glorious, he says, is the fame of Mr. MORLEY, son and heir of the great Duke of NEWCASTLE. MORLEY and NEWCASTLE are household words, and Mr. MORLEY, so long the principal whipper-in to the Liberal party, is the pride of the great Nonconformist Associations. When the Earl GRANVILLE, K.G., sits down again (like Godpapa DROSSELMAYER) over the clock, there is a pause, and those members who follow the Government try to look as if they did not see the terrible PRIME MINISTER. The House is crowded in every part, there being nearly two hundred present. Mr. MORLEY is the favourite. Many of the Conservatives long to vote for him, but dare not. Suddenly a voice is heard to exclaim from a dark corner under one of the galleries, "Let us have recourse to the expedient of the Ballot!" There are sighs of relief, which swell into cries of approval. *Le Sieur COURTENAY*, officiating for the last time, carries round the box, and each member drops in his ball. Amid breathless silence the balls are counted by the President. He declares that Mr. MORLEY is elected. There are muffled cheers stifled as the Marquess draws himself up to his full height, and casting a look of defiance around him, stalks haughtily from the Chamber. About the same time Lord MORLEY was elected against Lord BALFOUR of Burleigh, to succeed the Duke of BUCKINGHAM as Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords by 99 votes against 77.

#### THE BUDGET.

**E**VEN the bitterest political opponent of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER can hardly reject the claim to sympathy which he put forward with such humorous melancholy the other night. "Twice it has happened to me," said Mr. GOSCHEN, "that I have had a prospective surplus within my grasp; twice it has eluded me." In point of pathos, indeed, the situation falls but one degree short of a certain famous one in the Second *Æneid*, and the Virgilian description adapts itself with the alteration of a single word:—

Bis conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum;  
Bis frustra compressa manus effugit imago,  
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

It is to be hoped that this fleeting CREUSA of a surplus may offer itself a third time to Mr. GOSCHEN's embrace, and that he may then be successful in capturing it. In the meantime, however, he may console himself with the reflection that the vanishing simulacrum has in each case left something substantial behind it. The relief of local taxation

last year was a solid gain to the Government in respect of the just claim which it established upon the gratitude of the ratepayers of the country—who practically are the country; and the naval defence scheme of the present year is an object on which a wise Administration would be even less disposed to grudge the bestowal of however large a surplus. After all, it will stand recorded in the unimpassioned annals of history, if it has missed impression on the emotional memory of the taxpayer, that the actual excess of revenue over expenditure for the present financial year has surpassed any like balance on the credit side of the account which the national books have exhibited for fifteen years. Hard fate may have compelled Mr. GOSCHEN to content himself with the merely imaginative enjoyment of the emotions of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who has a surplus of 2,798,000*l.* to dispose of, but not even the gods themselves can undo the fact that under his financial reign that magnificent surplus has been actually earned.

Having charges to provide for which converted it into a deficit, the interest of the Budget, of course, assumed an entirely different and far less agreeable complexion. The taxpayer of every description knew that he had nothing to hope for; and each waited with a curiosity, not free from uneasiness, to discover what he had to fear. Nearly two millions had to be raised, and this is not to be done without pinching somebody. Nor, as the brewers are now showing us, did Mr. GOSCHEN find it possible to accomplish such a feat. But he may fairly claim to have reduced the pressure to a minimum, and, what is more important, for the future, if not for the moment, to have distributed it upon just and wise financial principles. The policy of applying one million out of the profits of the Conversion scheme will hardly stand in need, we should imagine, of any elaborate defence. Mr. BUXTON, who was its critic the other night, is not a very formidable assailant, and we doubt whether he will meet with much authoritative support from a pedantic theory of finance which has happily gone a good deal out of fashion in recent years. Having thus reduced the charges upon him by a million, Mr. GOSCHEN was left with a sum of 900,000*l.* to provide, which he proposes to do by adding one per cent. to the Death-duties on estates of 10,000*l.* and upwards, whether consisting of realty or personalty, and by augmenting to the extent of about one-fourteenth of a penny the existing Beer-duty of twopence per gallon. By the first of these additions a sum of 800,000*l.*, and by the second a sum of 300,000*l.*, will be added to the revenue. To both of these new imposts objection will be taken, though the former, of course—and it is this fact which makes the Death-duties at once a refuge and a snare to Chancellors of the Exchequer—is not at all likely to be attacked in any effective shape. Mr. GOSCHEN must expect to hear it said that the expedient of piecemeal additions to the Death-duties on a certain scale is neither so logical nor so politically prudent as it is financially convenient; and when he admits, as he practically does admit, that alterations in these imposts ought not to be made except as part of a general scheme of revision which the Government are too preoccupied this year to enter upon, he certainly supplies a reason for preferring to seek the increased revenue he is in want of from some other source. As regards the Beer-duty, it is not necessary to look for scientific objections in support of the proposal. It hits a very active and energetic industry, and Mr. GOSCHEN has "heard from" its representatives already. His plan is a reversion to one which Mr. GLADSTONE contemplated adopting in 1880, when he repealed the Malt-tax, and which he was induced to abandon by the vehement assurances of the brewers that a Beer-duty imposed on such a scale would yield much more than the equivalent it was intended to yield for the abolished tax. Experience, however, having shown that these fears of the brewers were exaggerated, and that Mr. GLADSTONE's original estimate of the duty was correct, Mr. GOSCHEN proposes to revert to it, and to lower the specific gravity of the beer dutiable at 6*s.* 3*d.* per thirty-six gallons from 1'057 to 1'055. The change, as he says, will only increase the duty of 2*d.* per gallon by about 1-14th of a penny, and will add something "perfectly imperceptible" to the cost of a barrel of beer. It is the adjective in the above sentence which constitutes the one weak point in the argument. No addition, however small, to the cost of any article of production is ever perfectly imperceptible to everybody at every stage of the productive process. The only question is whether the particular persons who have to do with the stage, or stages, at which it is perceived are in a position to offer, and will care to offer, any formidable resistance. That the brewing interest is in

such a position is undoubted. Whether it will feel the pinch sufficiently to put forth its influence remains to be seen.

But, whatever the career of Mr. GOSCHEN's Budget—be it smooth or stormy, and there is at present certainly every appearance of the former fortune being in store for it—it will do its author credit for the thorough soundness of the main principle on which it is framed, and for the courageous spirit in which that principle has been avowed and upheld by him. We have waited a good many years to hear a Chancellor of the Exchequer enunciate doctrines so wholesome as that which Mr. GOSCHEN expounded on the Income-tax, and in so resolute and uncompromising a tone. He did not think it just, he said, "to continue the system of making the Income-tax an engine for getting a Chancellor of the Exchequer immediately out of the difficulties in which he may be placed." The Income-taxpayer, Mr. GOSCHEN added, has few friends. He does not agitate or parade the streets, or otherwise let authority know that "he is there"; and the consequence is, that on every occasion it is the Income-taxpayer who has had to meet whatever exceptional demands may be made on the Exchequer. This policy Mr. GOSCHEN does not deem, he outspokenly declares, either safe, or just, or expedient in the great interests of the State; and so thinking, while at the same time recognizing that some of our great sources of revenue, such as the Spirit-duties, are breaking down under us, he has told the House plainly that it has become time, in his opinion, for English financiers "to look about for new sources of revenue." The "murmurs" with which the Opposition are reported to have received this statement conveyed the most eloquent of commentaries on its repugnancy to their own financial ideals. Mr. GOSCHEN made an attempt to conciliate them by suggesting that hon. members opposite would look in one direction for these new sources of revenue, and hon. members on his side in another; but the truth is that the gentlemen who murmured do not want to look around them for the purpose in question at all. They are quite content with that "simplicity of taxation" which Mr. GOSCHEN declares has been pushed up to the extreme limits of safety—a simplicity which has been obtained at the expense of concentrating the incidence of all the taxation which still retains any sort of elasticity upon the middle classes. They have become so accustomed, indeed, to regard this most impolitic and unstatesmanlike arrangement as part of the order of nature that, as we see, they murmur against any proposal to revise it, as though against something audaciously reactionary and retrograde. We may take it as pretty certain that, if they were themselves in power, they would not see anything objectionable in using the Income-tax to meet the whole of the extraordinary demand arising out of the naval defence scheme. And this is only another reason for hoping that they may remain out of power for a good many years to come—until, at any rate, the new and sounder financial policy has had time to establish itself and acquire something like a tradition.

#### QUESTIONS FOR THE IGNORANT.

IT is the laudable practice of many instructors of youth, when they have examined their pupils in everything they have been taught, to wind up by examining them in everything they have not been taught, and the paper set for this purpose is called a paper in "general knowledge" or a "general paper." But, in Mr. A. M. M. STEDMAN's opinion, this excellent method of testing education is not wholly free from abuse. He says, in the preface to a little book called *General Knowledge Examination Papers* (GEORGE BELL & SONS), "That 'general papers' are open to criticism is, I think, undeniable [why should anybody suppose them to be 'exempt from criticism']? They present often a ludicrous 'jumble of history, literature, politics, science, and the 'current topics of the day; and in inexpert hands they 'might be productive of 'cramming' in its worst form.' Mr. STEDMAN has therefore turned his own expert hands to the task of producing a set of general papers for general use which shall not deserve any such or any other reproach.

By way of specimen, we reproduce the whole of the first paper, except a long alternative question, which shall be summarized:—"1. Who is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer? 2. Give the dates of the General Elections in England since 1873, and state the political views of

"the various Governments. 3. For what reason did Prince BISMARCK object to a matrimonial alliance between the ex-King of Bulgaria [Who was he? But perhaps school-children likely to know the state of Prince BISMARCK's mind would be also likely to know about kings of Bulgaria] and the German Imperial House? 4. Describe roughly the course of the Congo. What interest attaches to this river at the present time? 5. Mention four important biographies published within the last three years. 6. Mention one work written by each of the following:—FIELDING, CHARLES DARWIN, E. B. PUSEY, GOETHE, TURGENIEFF." The next question asks for information about Board Schools, or M. PASTEUR, or the Oxford Movement, or the Revised Version, or ensilage, at the pupil's choice. "9. [9 comes next after 7] Explain and derive at your discretion [could there be a prettier exercise for juvenile wits than derivation at discretion?] the words galvanism, boycott, copyright, demurrer, stockjobber. 10. What rare birds have lately been seen in England? Mention any birds that are becoming, or have in this century become, extinct. 11. What special attractions has Norway that so many English tourists visit it?" This paper, by the way, is advertised as having been "selected as the best paper in a competition in the *Journal of Education*, October, 1888." All we can say is that it does not appear to us to be in any degree better or worse than any other by the same eminent hand. It is, perhaps, a little remarkable for the circumstance that, with the exception of No. 10, and possibly No. 11, it does not contain one question which healthy-minded "boys preparing for Public School Scholarships"—the class for which this particular paper is designed—would not be slightly the better for not being able to answer. But, then, if it had been less expertly done, it might have presented a ludicrous jumble of history, literature, politics, science, and the current topics of the day.

The nature of Mr. STEDMAN's other papers shall be demonstrated by single questions taken at random. It will make no difference, because any question would do in any paper as well as in its own. Indeed the interchangeability of the questions, which will probably conduce largely to the value and popularity of the volume, calls to mind the criticism passed by a callous and cynical creature upon the famous stanza containing the line, "I hear the noise about thy keel," that it would be an equally good stanza in whatever sequence the four lines of which it consists were arranged. "Assign events to the following dates:—B.C. 490, 331; A.D. 1170, 1485, 1603, 1688, 1704, 1789, 1805, 1815." This is a heavenly question. It is capable of infinite variations; for the examiner can ring the changes on the dates, and the victim is apparently free to assign to the dates chosen any events he pleases. "Describe a butter-cup. Why do crabs walk sideways? What is the difference between a bat's wing and a swallow's? Account for the shape of birds' eggs." Mr. STEDMAN gives his readers no answers to his questions, and their alluring nature tempts us irresistibly to offer him a few. It will be understood that the following questions are his and the answers ours. "Why would you be suffocated if you were shut up in a tightly-closed box?" We shouldn't, if the box were big enough to live in, or if we opened the lid and got out. "Why are the plurals of *ox* and *fox* different?" Because the plurals of telephone and kangaroo are not the same. "What other instruments besides language has man to express his thoughts?" His fists, his boots, his elbows, knees, and teeth, and, if he plays Association football, the top of his head. "What agencies are now at work in the reconstruction of the earth?" We decline to answer this question (on the ground that this *Review* is not long enough) unless it is amended by the substitution of "not" for "now." It remains to add that Mr. STEDMAN publishes this invaluable work in the "School Examination Series," of which he is the editor.

#### THE TRENT MURDER.

THERE may possibly be some use in showing to what excess of mawkish folly a certain stamp of fool of both sexes can descend. If there is—and we are by no means sure that it is at all necessary to prove what was already known with sufficient accuracy—then it may be allowed that there was some reason for publishing at full length the story of the "Railway Murder and Suicide." In itself it is a very disgusting story indeed; the two people who figure in it must have belonged to the most foolish of the foolish



class. The girl, LILLY BURFORD, was a "distressed needle-woman," who "took it into her head," as one of the witnesses at the inquest said, to become an actress. The rest of the story might be guessed at with accuracy, even without the help of the details about her past life published in the coroner's court. The man, or rather the boy, ROBERT FERON, was plainly a commonplace Belgian lad of the sentimental-immoral type which seems to be particularly abundant at present in France and countries under French influence. A state of society which produces such a wretched creature as HENRI CHAMBIGE and those other wretched creatures, his admirers, must obviously contain a very considerable population of deboshed youth. Thanks to the precious literature, so called, which the French language produces in such enormous quantities at present, these unwholesome-minded young men are provided with an abundance of stimulating pabulum. ROBERT FERON had doubtless eaten his share of this modern improvement on the older kinds of flappedoodle. Putting aside the literary faculty, in which they are decidedly inferior, the bundle of letters found in the railway carriage where he committed murder and suicide are not unworthy HENRI CHAMBIGE himself. They are full of maudlin affection, and still fuller of pity for himself, his miserable little troubles, and his despicable physical affliction. In every one of them he twaddles about "the actress who loves me passionately," about their intention to die together, about his hopes and fears as to what would be done with his body. The actress, so-called, seems to have been in all respects worthy of ROBERT FERON. They had been for some time acquainted, and the evidence of the girl's landlady shows that they had talked one another into a state of tipsy excitement about the "niceness" of dying together. The candid silliness of the girl is, on the whole, more respectable, or rather less repulsive, than the man's mawkish folly. According to the witness CLARA WILLIAMS, she made, in the course of many conversations about love and suicide, the following very naive revelation of a common human weakness:—"How funny it would be if 'they were to find us dead in the railway carriage! only 'we should miss the best of the fun. We should like to 'hear what they say when they open the carriage-door.'" It is, on the whole, to the girl's credit that she took a course which made it impossible for her to enjoy the stir which it was her ambition to produce, and something may be forgiven her for the light she throws on the motives which have dictated a very large proportion indeed of suicides. The rest of the story followed as a matter of course—the two people were in the proper frame of mind to kill themselves, and if they had not been found in the railway carriage at Trent Station would doubtless have been picked up shot, or drowned, or poisoned, jointly or severally, somewhere else. The peculiar manner which they selected for getting out of the world has a certain value as an example of the strength of the mania for imitation. There have within the last year—in fact, since the notorious Algerian case of HENRI CHAMBIGE—been quite a string of similar tragedies of a more or less pickle-herring kind in France. Quite a number of couples have gone out of the world by murder committed by the man on the woman, generally with her consent, and then by his suicide. It is possibly, or even probably, due to the prevalence of this form of crime and imbecility that we have to attribute the tittle-tattling, and in many respects certainly mendacious, stories told about the Archduke RUDOLPH. The connexion between the malicious gabble published about the death of Prince RUDOLPH and this last miserable incident can be easily traced. ROBERT FERON possessed and had been reading "a Belgian newspaper containing a 'long account of the suicide of the Crown Prince of 'AUSTRIA.'" Of course when he made his mind up to commit suicide, he imitated the last conspicuous act of the kind he had been reading about. The boy, as he plaintively confesses in one of his letters, was very much left to himself, which, indeed, was true in a sense he did not mean, and might have come to a melancholy end in any case; but he would not, we may be sure, have ended in that particular way, or have taken so much pains to persuade a "pretty girl" to kill herself along with him, if he had not been led to do it by imitation. Part at least of the guilt in this business rests with those who supply these poor creatures with their wretched models. Of course no English journalist is to be blamed for HENRI CHAMBIGE or the unspeakable moral laxity which produced him; but our papers are as guilty as Continental journalists of spreading corruption by the repetition and amplification of his and similar crimes. A still

heavier share of responsibility rests on those so-called respectable papers and magazines which permitted themselves to repeat long stories of which they could not possibly know the truth about the Crown Prince of AUSTRIA. Copy-hunting of that kind ought to be drummed out of the press as being only one degree, and that a small one, above the garbage of Holywell Street. The fact that the man FERON and the woman BURFORD were entitled to very little sympathy does not excuse those who helped to corrupt them. The scribblers who misled FERON are no more excused by his weakness than he is to be pardoned for the murder of the girl because she was a consenting party to the crime. They are all, from the magazine writer, with his pinchbeck revelation, on to the wretched "distressed needlewoman," equally odious and contemptible.

#### FOREIGN GAME.

THE Queen's Bench Division has decided that foreign game may be freely imported into England from any place, and at any time, English statutes to the apparent contrary notwithstanding. A rule which operates in restraint of trade is usually objectionable, whether the traffic be with other countries or carried on exclusively at home. But the circumstances of this case are peculiar, inasmuch as the birds in question could not be killed or sold here without the sportsman, or the tradesman, incurring a penalty. The law, therefore, as interpreted in the Queen's Bench Division, imposes a sort of inverse protection, to the detriment of the English breeder. The Court was divided in opinion, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Mr. Justice HAWKINS taking one side, Mr. Justice MANISTY the other. But, as the proceedings are in form criminal, there can be no appeal, and the importance of the judgment is, therefore, very great. The facts are simple enough, though the arguments based upon them are highly ingenious. Mr. JOHN GUYER, a licensed dealer in game, was summoned before Mr. PARTRIDGE at the Westminster Police Court for selling birds of game more than ten days after the commencement of close time, that being an offence under the well-known Game Act of 1831. The birds sold by Mr. GUYER were two Russian partridges, bought by him from a dealer, who had imported them from Russia, where they were killed in December. The actual sale was in March, about which time it appears that there is a considerable demand in London for foreign game of this description. Mr. GUYER was convicted by the magistrate and fined ten shillings. Mr. PARTRIDGE, however, stated a special case for the High Court, with the immediate result that Lord COLERIDGE was for reversing the conviction, and Mr. Justice MANISTY for affirming it. This was obviously a most unsatisfactory state of things, though one which will never be remedied so long as two judges sit together. The point which so much difficulty has been found in solving is, whether the Act refers to foreign as well as to English game. The case was ordered to be reargued before three judges, with the consequence already described. When the Act was passed, more than half a century ago, no one had dreamt of the enormous trade in foreign meat which has lately been developed, and it is even doubtful whether the draftsman had in his mind the question of foreign game at all. It is remarkable, however, that so long ago as the reign of JAMES I., birds brought from beyond seas were expressly exempted from the prohibitory clauses, so that when the sale of English game was unlawful altogether, and partridges acquired the ambiguous designation of birds, which they have ever since retained, dealers might have imported foreign game if they could.

The words of the Act are plain and comprehensive. So far as they are relevant to the charge against Mr. GUYER they run as follows:—"If any person licensed to deal in 'game by virtue of this Act as hereinafter mentioned shall 'buy or sell, or knowingly have in his house, shop, stall, 'possession, or control, any bird of game after the expiration of ten days (one inclusive and the other exclusive) 'from the respective days in each year on which it shall 'become unlawful to kill or take such birds of game respectively as aforesaid. . . . Every such person shall, on 'conviction of any such offence before two justices of the 'peace, forfeit and pay for every such head of game so 'bought or sold, or found in his house, shop, possession, or 'control, such sum of money, not exceeding one pound, as to 'the convicting justices shall seem meet, together with the 'costs of the conviction.'" This passage occurs in the fourth section of the Act; but the majority of the Court maintain

that the fourth section must be read with the third, which forbids partridge-shooting between the 1st of February and the 1st of September. To this purpose they lay stress upon the qualifying adjective "such," and they further comment upon the fact that "there is no day, according to English law, on which it is unlawful to take or kill game out of the kingdom." We must confess that we do not quite see how there could be "such" a day, inasmuch as the jurisdiction of Parliament is confined to the dominions of the QUEEN. The strongest part of Mr. Justice HAWKINS's reasoning, so far as matters of public policy are concerned, is that the judgment will not make it easier for people to break the law, because the burden of proof rests upon the dealer, who must show affirmatively that the birds came from abroad. If it were otherwise, the statute would be a dead letter, and no prosecution of the kind could be sustained. Even as it is, however, a wide door has been opened by the reversal of the conviction. For, as Mr. Justice MANISTY points out, the Act is limited to England, so that Scotch or Irish birds might be sold in London during close time with perfect impunity. Mr. Justice MANISTY also shows that the exception contained in the Act of JAMES I. has been continued in some later statutes, though not in others, which proves, or tends to prove, that the omission of any such limitation in 1831 was deliberate on the part of the Legislature. A House of Commons which largely consisted of landlords and Protectionists is indeed not likely to have encouraged foreign trade at the expense of English preserves. Of course it may be said that the object of a close time is to prevent the extermination of game, and that we have no right or power to interfere with the promiscuous slaughter of Russian partridges. But if foreign game is allowed to be sold all the year round, the task of prohibiting the sale of native game becomes infinitely more difficult.

#### NEWSPAPER LIBELS.

THERE have been a good many libel actions against newspapers of late, and the threat of more has extorted apology from some of the most hardened and most swaggering offenders. Nor can there be much doubt that the lesson has been taken to heart. To be sure, there is no security that, as the dispiriting effects of depletion wear away, courage may not return to the offender; when he may resume a style of professional practice which is lively though disgraceful, and not unprofitable either as long as the timidity of his victims contributes to the libeller's success. But from various signs and tokens we may gather a hope that there is a growing disposition to "collar" the journalistic confectioner of slanderous paragraphs and haul him before a jury. It is always a disagreeable thing to do, of course; and they shrink from it most who, being more sensitive than others, suffer more than others from the scandal-monger's ingenuities. But there is such a thing as public duty; the same which sometimes—though not often enough for the general good—impels a man to bring to justice the blackmailer who purposes to make money out of a plausible false charge of immoral conduct. A little more courage of that sort, and the scandalous insinuation with which so many newspaper editors smarten up their columns in this "so-called nineteenth century" would have been checked long ago. The law of libel is strong and is severe. Indeed, they are not far wrong who complain that it is so severe, so sweeping, that the most innocent news-sheet published any day within the last twelve months might be brought under arraignment for some paragraph or another. But we know that as a matter of fact the law of libel is rarely appealed to in cases of unintentional wrong, or where injury has been done by the reporter going about his business in good faith, and not by the spicy commentator on the matter recorded.

It is possible, no doubt, to hamper the press in objectionable ways by means of the law of libel. It will be hampered to no good end, for instance, if the publication of a judge's charge is made a ground for libel-action and the recovery of damages; as it may be made according to authoritative judgment recently delivered. But the sort of convenience and inconvenience involved in questions of that kind may be safely left to right themselves. Should any newspaper be punished for the publication of a judge's charge the law will be altered in that particular, no doubt; meanwhile, no newspaper proprietor need go in much fear of punishment for anything of the kind. What we have to deal with is

an abounding crop of offences which have not the faintest excuse in "public interest," or in consideration for the public good. It is possible to do a very wrong and a very injurious thing with no other motive whatever. This is one of the risks of journalism, but one that is well understood on all hands, and not least by those who go into the business; who, when they do make a mistake, take their punishment without grumbling if they are honest-minded men, confident that the motive will be fully appreciated, and conscious that it ought not to shield them from the penalties appointed for injurious error. But there is a certain order of journalists who evidently take "the public interest" to mean anything that is interesting to the public; and who have also come to the conclusion that nothing is so interesting to the public as the private character of any one who has ever been heard of beyond the dinner-tables of Camberwell Green and Peckham Rye. Not the character of such celebrities for whatever may have made them distinguished; not at all. It is their moral and domestic character, their relations with their wives more particularly, which is of so much public interest for the conductors of "live" journals, and such as fulfil the grand condition of "palpating with actuality." The consequence is that these journals are "alive" with cruel little libels, scandals, and "revelations." Most of this stuff, however, is but gossip, which, no matter how false it may be, no matter how distressing and damaging to its victims, is best endured in silence. But it is in the highest degree pestiferous nevertheless; and therefore heightens the obligation of all concerned to punish the more capital fabrications of a press that seeks to prosper by scandalous assertion and libellous innuendo. Within the last three months atrocious use has been made of this sort of journalism. Accusations of the grossest kind—insinuations for which no excuse of ignorance, or error, or care for the public good can possibly be alleged—have been repeated day by day in newspapers which, despicable as they may be, are not recognized for what they are by thousands and thousands of their readers. Says Dignity, "Better to take no heed of such low calumnies as these"; and a vast deal may be urged in support of its counsel. But Dignity should not leave out of account the way in which honest-minded ignorance is poisoned by these mendacious calumnies. Not to notice them, to permit them, is to allow the growth of an idea in the thousands of unformed minds newly invited into politics that lying and slander are rightful weapons in party conflict. In declared warfare between nation and nation it is lawful to starve, to maim, to slaughter the enemy. That is understood on all hands. The lesson that is now being taught to the untrained multitudes who have lately come upon the voting register is, first, a lesson of personal rancour, and then that if you can knock your political opponent on the head with a lie the end will justify the means, however calumnious the lie may be. This is a very bad sort of teaching, and there is no more important matter of public interest than to put some check upon it. To do this, however, there is only one way; and that is by seizing upon a few of the more palpable and more atrocious calumnies, and haling the inventors thereof before a court of justice. Thus the true character of these abominable tactics will be explained to "our masters," many of whom stand in desperate need of the instruction for their own sakes. At the same time a shameful, and even dangerous, system of political debauchery will be checked; while those who make a profit of the trade will be persuaded to abandon it as ruinous, if not as blackguardly. Not many efforts in this direction are necessary; so much is certain. A thousand pounds' fine here and there would work wonders of reformation; and if only half a dozen personages of moderate distinction would consent to put their dignity in their pockets for a term or two and "go for" their slanderers, they might, indeed, bring a deal of unpleasantness upon themselves for a time, but the service they would do for society would be enormous. It is not a case where a public prosecutor or a committee of repression could work to advantage, or work at all, perhaps. Though the evil is a public evil, and the offence a crime injurious to the whole body social, it can only be dealt with sharply and shortly if the individuals primarily aggrieved set the law in motion; and it really appears that taking no notice has been tried without success long enough.



## THE COUNTY MOTHER.

THE judgment of the Queen's Bench Division in the case of the Brixton election to the London County Council is subject to appeal, and it is said that the right will be exercised. But, in any case, the decision of Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON and Mr. Justice STEPHEN authorizes comment. The two questions before the Court were not exactly in the same position. If it had been decided that Lady SANDHURST was duly elected, or if the Court of Appeal should hereafter so decide, every recognized principle bearing on the subject would have been, or will be, thereby made null and void. It was perfectly open to Radicals when the Local Government Bill was passing through Parliament to introduce, and carry if they could, a clause giving women the power to sit on County Councils. They did not do so. On the contrary, they preferred to shirk the question before Parliament, and to try to climb in by the back way—a favourite device with their party. It will be remembered that, not many years ago, a not dissimilar attempt was made to secure the benefits (in this case pecuniary) of a new foundation in the University of Oxford by a person for whom that foundation had not only not expressly, but had expressly not, been founded. So now, Radicals, having avoided the opportunity of fighting the question of the election of women in a straightforward way, endeavour to fight it in one not straightforward. In so doing Mr. REID, the arguing counsel on Lady SANDHURST's side, had to argue in the teeth of every established principle on the subject, of every admitted construction of the Acts touching the case, and, in one instance, of a clause directly excluding the qualification of disqualified persons as one of the purposes of the Act in question. The other problem, whether, Lady SANDHURST being disqualified, Mr. BERESFORD HOPE is entitled to the seat, or whether there must be a fresh election, does not seem equally clear, though the balance of argument, the analogy of Parliamentary elections, and the public convenience are all in the claimant's favour. It is anything but desirable, especially now that elections are multiplying day by day, that there should be any temptation to bring forward unqualified candidates, in the double hope that perhaps their election may not be disputed, and that, if it is, the qualified person will, at any rate, be put to the expense and trouble of another contest.

That the decision on the main point is also for the public interest we have no doubt whatever. The general unfitness of women for such positions need not be especially brought into the question. Women Guardians have been argued for on the principle that women, as such, deserve to be represented in the control of workhouses, and women members of the School Board on the plea that the education of girls (Mme. DE MAINTENON's friend did not think so) is best committed to women. There is no function of the County Councillor in which this plea comes in, for the question of prisons is quite different. That some of the faddists on the present London Council would be very glad to add to its duties functions which might serve as an excuse for such a plea is very true; but fortunately the Legislature has not been silly enough to grant any such powers. The most enthusiastic and "advanced" defender of a sex which needs no defenders can hardly indicate anything in the business of deciding on new streets and bridges, arranging loans for defraying the expenses of making them, administering the coal duties, and so forth, in which lovely or unlovely woman has, as such, anything whatever to do. The *Times* has generously admitted that "there is a great deal to be said for allowing ladies to sit as County Councillors." It is a pity that the writer did not give, at any rate, a small selection from this "great deal." But, whether the great deal might dwindle to zero or not, no one, we should suppose, but a fanatic will deny the truth of the argument that, if Parliament meant to admit the privilege of women, Parliament should have said so. Added to which a good many people happen to know that Parliament did not mean to admit it. In such an election as this, when, most unfortunately and lamentably, about four-fifths of the electors simply did not take the trouble to vote, faddists always have a great advantage. They can muster the faithful, and the unfaithful do not take the trouble to muster. It would, indeed, appear that some inconvenience and not a little puzzlement may follow from the decision, inasmuch as it is not clear what is to be done with the other lady Councillor and the lady Alderman—Miss CORDEX and Miss CONS. But that cannot be helped,

and it is to be supposed that, if it is finally decided not to appeal, or if the appeal takes the course which it pretty naturally must, good sense or a fear of penalties will show these ladies what to do now, even if good sense did not show them what not to do some months ago.

The doings of the County Council itself are certainly not such as to give any reasonable person a violent desire to form part of it for any other reason than the wish to serve his country. The debate on the control of the police last week—a debate in itself a silly travelling outside the sphere of business—was an addition to the numerous acts for which reasonable politicians may heartily thank the majority of the new body. This debate does not appear to have been characterized by any of the squabbling which has thoroughly justified Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON (not a reactionary politician) in horrifying his advanced colleagues by assuring them that they are only "a conglomerate Vestry." But both the discussion on the main question and those on some minor ones illustrated the kind of person who has, by the *laches* of the electors, got himself elected in too many cases. The Reverend FLEMING WILLIAMS did himself credit by withdrawing a motion on the subject of the case of BERESFORD HOPE *v.* SANDHURST itself. But the very wording of the motion shows what a County Father men of London have in the Reverend Mr. WILLIAMS. For he wishes "steps to be taken to place beyond dispute 'the right of women to sit when duly elected,' the whole question being, of course, whether a woman can be 'duly elected.'" The same egregious person had previously talked of the desire to put the control of the police of London, to speak delicately, somewhere else than in the control of Mr. JOHN BURNS as a desire to retain that control "for the ends of the classes," and had said that, "if the completion of self-government were refused, the people of London would rise, and insist upon it." Mr. BEAL and his "old Saxon right," even Sir THOMAS FARRER, with his singular image of a County Council, demanding the control, "with 'no faltering voice, with no unsteady seat, and no uncertain hand,' are worthy of their reverend colleague. How do you 'demand' with 'a seat' and 'a hand'?" It will really be curious if Sir THOMAS, whose election was urged as a non-party matter, despite his allowed partisanship, because he is so excellent a man of business, should display in this minor Parliament the same idiosyncrasy which administrators and officials even more distinguished than himself have shown in the greater. On the whole, the County Council has done its helotry very well hitherto. But three years of helotry, pure and simple, would be rather too much of a good thing. And it is very satisfactory that, if the decision of the Queen's Bench Division be upheld, one seat more, at any rate, will pass into the hands of the party which wishes to make of the County Council a useful machine of business, and not a feeble copy of the Paris Municipality. This party will have not a little to do, judging from the report of the Parliamentary Committee last Tuesday. That, whatever the proper functions of the County Council may be, they certainly are not to petition against, in favour of, or in reference to, every Bill that is brought into Parliament, might have been thought to be a sufficiently self-evident truth. But it is the woful experience of the man of business in this world that no truths are self-evident to men not of business. May it be suggested to the majority of the Council and to its distinguished Chairman that there are certain subjects which may occupy its peculiar talents in the happiest manner and which can never be exhausted? The Casket Letters, the authorship of "JUNIUS," the Man in the Iron Mask, and the SHAKESPEARE-BACON theory, with, if necessary for a change, the propriety of the execution of CHARLES I., will last this Council "through," unless it is a very glutton of debate, and no subjects can better suit the debating powers and the debating style of the Reverend FLEMING WILLIAMS and Sir THOMAS FARRER.

## "FEEDING THE STARVING PEASANTS."

IT would be hard upon Mr. CONYBEARE to grudge him the advertisement which he has been so unaccountably slow in seeking, and which he has at last made up his mind to secure. A number of Radicals have taken the *pos* of the "representative of the young democracy," in the matter of attitudinizing in Ireland. His earlier and more tentative efforts in Ireland in the way of Irish agitation are forgotten; and it seems already a long time ago since, just

at the moment when the eyes of the "young democracy" were fixed upon him, in expectation of his plunging desperately into the campaign against Coercion, he suddenly took himself off to South Africa. He has allowed Mr. WADDY to get the start of him, and Mr. BRUNNER and Mr. LABOUCHERE, and even that most cautious and circumspect of agitators, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE. With the resumption of the OLPHERT evictions, however, Mr. CONYBEARE apparently felt that it was now or never with him, and he has for the moment succeeded in putting himself as conspicuously in evidence as may, perhaps, suffice to satisfy even such vanity as his. To be sure, he owes some of his present advantage to the undergraduate of Balliol who has succeeded in getting the Irish Constabulary to arrest him, and who may—but more probably will not—be equally successful in procuring himself a short term of "martyrdom." Even this inexperienced young man adds another to the number of those who have got ahead of Mr. CONYBEARE; for Mr. CONYBEARE could not prevail upon the Irish police to take him into custody, and his attempt to secure the nearest equivalent to that honour only resulted in his very nearly getting himself kicked downstairs by an Irish Resident Magistrate into whose bed-room he had, with gross impertinence, forced his way at three o'clock in the morning. Still the arrest of Mr. HARRISON, though in one way it eclipses Mr. CONYBEARE's reputation as an agitator, has in another enabled him to shine with some additional brightness of borrowed light. It has given him an opportunity of appearing, or claiming to appear, as Mr. HARRISON's legal representative; and those who are interested enough in the affair to follow the fortunes of the arrested undergraduate will necessarily be compelled to study Mr. CONYBEARE's proceedings also.

As to the foolish young offender himself and his foolish little offence, there is really not much to be said, except to express a hope that the one will not be magnified, nor the other in consequence reduced, by the serious treatment of either. In the days when the delinquencies of undergraduates were corrected by mild corporal punishment there would have been an excellent way of dealing with Mr. HARRISON; but those days have gone by—or Mr. CONYBEARE would probably have derived more advantage than he has from the academic course—and it would be unwise, we think, to subject this weak-headed youth to the sharper discipline which is reserved for the adult agitator. That he knows, and knows perfectly well, what was the nature of his offence, and what the impossibility of its being tolerated by the officers of the law, it would be an insult to his education to doubt. His Gladstonian supporters in the press are themselves thoroughly well aware of it also; and it is only their maladroitness in the use of language which leads them to describe Mr. HARRISON's act indifferently by a phrase which discloses and by one which conceals its ingredient of illegality. For, with submission to the Radical chroniclers of his doings, the phrase "feeding starving tenants" is not the exact and convertible equivalent of "supplying food to a starving and besieged peasantry." There is, we venture to think, some little unacknowledged significance in the words "and besieged." They will be apt to remind the intelligent reader what the starved peasantry were doing; and that the besiegers and besieged in this case were simply the respective representatives of the QUEEN's authority and of lawless and violent resistance thereto. The assumption that aid and comfort might be legitimately given to the latter against the former in the shape of loaves of bread is too preposterous a one to be attributed to any decently educated English youth. Mr. HARRISON must have been perfectly sensible that his act of "feeding the starving peasants," as he called it, differed in degree only, and not in kind, from providing them with fresh supplies of stones or helping them to boil the "stirabout." And since it is quite certain, therefore, that political spleen, and not natural compassion, was the prompter of Mr. HARRISON's action, it is equally clear that sympathy with him would be entirely thrown away.

#### MR. CRAWFORD'S CASE.

IF Lord Cross's despatch, which has just been presented to Parliament, clears up one part of the now unhappily notorious CRAWFORD case, it leaves much as difficult to understand as ever. The position and errors of Mr. CRAWFORD himself are made sufficiently clear. After being informed that he had been acquitted of the charges brought against him, we now learn that this, which we

should have preferred had been the truth as a matter of course, is only accurate in a limited sense. The Commission which was appointed to inquire into the charges against him did indeed decide that in their opinion he had not—or could not be proved to have—crossed the wide gulf which to any man "of his antecedents and holding his "position" must lie "between the most reckless borrowing and actual corruption." The Commissioners may, as Lord REAY certainly, and the India Office apparently, think, have taken the most favourable view of the conduct of the Commissioner for the Central Division of Bombay. We are not sure whether they are to be severely blamed if that is the case, since honourable past services may be fairly allowed as a mitigation of the judgment the Commission was compelled to deliver. But Mr. CRAWFORD's official judges made it perfectly plain that in their opinion he had incurred dismissal from his post. The Commissioner had, they found, fallen into a pit of pecuniary embarrassment. His money affairs were in the condition of those of an impecunious Irish landlord of the old stamp. There is something both pathetic and ridiculous in his confession that he no longer knew the extent, or even the nature, of his liabilities. This may appear to be a private affair, but in fact it was not. Under the pressure of necessity Mr. CRAWFORD had been compelled to borrow from native money-lenders, which is directly contrary to the rules of his service, and so put himself under obligations to them. To whomsoever knows human nature in the East the consequences of this need no explanation. Mr. CRAWFORD became entangled with natives who hastened to profit by their relations to him for corrupt purposes. A man who knew India as well as Mr. CRAWFORD must know it cannot have been ignorant of the consequences which would follow from putting himself into the power of the likes of HANMANTRAO RAGHAVENDRA.

The very candid confessions of the justices who have been heard as witnesses in the course of the inquiry will, at any rate, have shown all what these consequences were. If Mr. CRAWFORD was not corrupt himself, he was the centre of a great deal of corruption of the common Oriental kind. Under these circumstances his dismissal from his Commissionership was inevitable. It is a melancholy end to an honourable career; but it could not be avoided, and the duty of his superiors was plain. This is the intelligible part of the story. Now what remains to be explained and to be justified is the course which Lord REAY and the Administration of the Bombay Presidency have decided to take. Lord REAY has yet to justify his resolve to suppress for so long the Report of the Commissioners which was the means of spreading the belief in Mr. CRAWFORD's complete innocence. He has also to reconcile his manifest desire to revise the verdict of the Commission in a sense unfavourable to the accused officer with his amazing decision to keep in office those very justices whose corrupt appointment was one of the charges against Mr. CRAWFORD, and who so blandly confessed the giving and taking of bribes. Why the Report of the Commissioners was not acted on at once, how an English governor could think for a moment of leaving corrupt judicial officers in place, and why it was left for the India Office to insist that the most obviously correct course should be taken, are questions which require an answer. At this stage of the story it is again necessary to point out that more must be heard before a final opinion can be formed. But, as it is, we have heard enough to convey the impression that there is a plentiful lack of plain common sense and of firmness, with an excess of their fatal substitutes—futile ingenuity and obstinacy—at headquarters in the Presidency of Bombay.

#### THE BALKAN STATES.

THE *Standard* has published a remarkable story (for its exact title *vide* the Reverend Mr. CHADBAND on Jo's narrative) with regard to the hypnotizing of King MILAN of Serbia by Madame or Mme. (some retailers of the legend do not apparently know that there is no such a form in *rerum natura* as "Mme.") ARTEMISIA CHRISTITCH. In the holidays a daily newspaper may do anything, and fortunately nobody marks it. How Madame CHRISTITCH did it, when she did it, and what was her object in doing it (seeing that the performance by hypothesis reduced her from acting Queen of SERBIA to nobody) we really cannot say. But a devotee of the ancient and agreeable maxim that there is no smoke without fire might surely, from other news of the



past week, come to the conclusion that hocus-pocus is really working in the Balkan Peninsula. It is stated that negotiations have been set on foot for the marriage of Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria to a princess of the ORLEANS family, thereby increasing his connexion therewith. If there is anything in luck at all, it is certain that the ORLEANS family brings bad luck wherever it goes. Possibly actual succession to the throne of France might cure this, though it did not when LOUIS PHILIPPE was king. Perhaps the *guignon* is due to the misconduct of the original GASTON (though they are not direct descendants of his) to his friends; perhaps to the celebrated occasion when the great CONDÉ and the PRINCESSE PALATINE burnt a piece of the True Cross; perhaps to the REGENT (who was, however, by no means a bad fellow); perhaps to EGALITÉ, who was one of the worst of fellows from the time when (as the wicked say) he hid in the hold off Ushant before that very unpleasant person KEPPEL to the time when (on the same authority) he stopped payment of cheques because *le montard*—to wit, LOUIS XVII.—was not cleared off with the others—to wit, the KING, the QUEEN, and Madame ELIZABETH. Have nothing to do with the House of ORLEANS, say certain quidnuncs—justly or unjustly who shall decide?

Hocus-pocus, however, is not only busy south of the Danube, he is still busier north of it. The proceedings of the CATARGI Government in Roumania are among the maddest things recently recorded even of Parliamentary government. If any one will imagine a division in which the Treasury Bench and the Gladstonians combine to beat the Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists in our own Parliament, he will have, not an exact, but a tolerable, notion of the first division last Tuesday on the Roumanian fortification scheme. Unfortunately, even this does not quite sum up the peculiarities of the situation. Very serious liberties have been taken of late by Roumanian Ministers with the powers committed to them by Parliament and by the KING, and it seems by no means impossible that the sum that has been voted for one set of fortifications may be devoted to quite another. Meanwhile Roumania has entered on the Communist track by decreeing the sale of State lands to the peasantry, and apparently, also, restriction has been withdrawn from the sale of Panslavist publications by hawkers. It does not necessarily follow that any serious harm will have been done either here or in Serbia, where the Russian party have procured the readmission of King MILAN's divorced wife, and apparently, also, of the deposed Metropolitan, another Russian partisan. "All things are double, one against another," as the wisest of books says; and the curse of small Parliamentary sections (which, except in Greece, has never reached a higher pitch than in Roumania) carries this blessing with it, that majorities are as fleeting in their duration as they are casual in their constitution. Moreover, the very determination in the Russian direction of Serbia and Roumania is, in a way, a guarantee of the anti-Russian constancy of Bulgaria; for mutual jealousy goes a very long way with these petty States. It is certainly a pity that the resources of Austria for bribery are so much smaller than those of her rival. For the partisans of Russia, almost without exception, in Serbia, in Roumania, and in Bulgaria are bought; and, though counterbuying may not be a dignified proceeding, it is sometimes necessary, as Mr. PITT and other great English statesmen knew. Indeed, there was a time when we could have smiled at M. HIRKOVO; but that was when England was a great nation.

#### THE SEAT FOR CENTRAL BIRMINGHAM.

WE do not suppose that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's statement as to the alleged understanding between the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists at Birmingham, with reference to the succession to Mr. BRIGHT's seat for the Central Division, will silence controversy on the subject. Indeed, it has in one respect only tended to stimulate it. For it has incidentally brought to light a direct conflict of evidence as to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's intentions in November 1888. According to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's information of those intentions, as obtained through Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS and Mr. KENRICK, Lord RANDOLPH "did not propose to stand for Central Birmingham." It now appears, however, that, so far from being prepared to confirm this statement, he qualifies it as "absolutely in-

"correct," and declares that the opposite account given of the matter by Mr. ROWLANDS is, "as far as he is concerned, quite true." Fortunately, the question is one of minor importance. For, whether Lord RANDOLPH's intentions in November 1888 were or were not as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN states them to be, it is abundantly clear that the direction taken by them was distinctly ascertained in good time to prevent the unhappy dissension which broke out in the constituency, and for which neither he, nor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, nor the Liberal-Unionists, nor any person or body of persons, save only, we fear, the Birmingham Conservatives, can be held responsible. It was known at least as early as March 26 that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL did not wish to exchange the certainty of Paddington for the chance of Central Birmingham, and it was not till then that "a final communication was made to Mr. ALBERT BRIGHT, in the belief that, failing Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the Conservatives of the Central Division would readily accept a Liberal-Unionist candidate." An examination of the dates and facts here given—which have none of them, it appears, been challenged—disposes, once for all, of the foolish talk about the "intrigue" on the side of the Liberal-Unionists, and shows that the utmost which can be alleged by either party is that it was the fault of the other and not their own that a misunderstanding, perfectly compatible with good faith on both sides, unhappily arose.

There is, however, a moral to the incident which is quite independent of the particular merits of the case. It seems to us open to no sort of dispute that, apart from the question of understandings and misunderstandings, Mr. ALBERT BRIGHT as a Liberal-Unionist is the proper representative of Central Birmingham, and that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL as a Conservative would not have been. And this is an aspect of the matter which would not be in the smallest degree affected by any arrangements entered into between the local party managers. Even if it had been shown that Mr. SATCHELL HOPKINS and Sir JAMES SAWYER were right in their interpretation of these arrangements and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wrong; even if it could be shown that the Conservative "claim" to the seat for Central Birmingham was as technically indefeasible as the two former gentlemen represent it, and that their party could not be deprived of it without positive breach of faith, it would still remain true in our opinion that the claim is one which ought not on grounds of Imperial policy to have been put forward and insisted on, the arrangement one which ought not to have been made. The only reason which the Birmingham Conservatives can give for entering into it, the only argument on which they rest their supposed title to the reversion of the seat in the Central Division of Birmingham, is, that they are inadequately represented in the constituency as a whole. But do they suppose that they are the only body of Conservatives in England who can say as much? or that there is no constituency in England in which the Liberal-Unionist party might make a similar complaint? The Birmingham Conservatives appear to forget what the nature of the compact of 1886 was. It was not that Liberal-Unionists and Conservatives should be left unmolested by each other in possession of their seats—whenever it would be impossible to turn them out. It was that the attempt to turn them out should not be made on either side, even though, if made, it might be certain to succeed. If one party in one constituency begins to count heads and to grumble at allowing a minority to return a member, its example will speedily be followed by the other party in other constituencies, and the disastrous results which would follow for the Unionist combination if that line of action became general are easily foreseen.

#### EXAMINATIONS IN AMERICA.

THE great examination question appears to have been taken up rather seriously in America, and an American supplement to the *Nineteenth Century* for March, issued by the Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York, contains the opinions of eight presidents, one ex-president, two chancellors, and five professors on the subject. The papers suffer, of course, a little from the ambiguity of the two languages. Many Englishmen probably will not know what "quizzing" means in the American mouth (it appears to be a sort of *viva voce*); and, on the other hand, some of these American writers seem to have been misled by the double sense of "lecture" in English University parlance, and not to know that, at least sometimes, it is neither more nor less than their own "recitation" conducted in a rather less schoolboy fashion. Yet again, a certain element of uncertainty is intro-

duced by the very loose use of the word "college," which seems sometimes at least to be nearer to the French than to the English sense. Still, most of the writers know pretty well what they are writing about, and at least two—Chancellor Hall and ex-President McCosh—have had extensive experience in England as well as in America. Moreover, there is a sort of general consensus, both among the enemies and friends of examination, that American education, though at present less examination-ridden than ours, is on the way to become almost equally so, though what an enthusiast once called "the true democratic system of rotation"—or, in other words, the system of unlimited Civil Service jobbery—is unlikely to permit the full introduction of competitive examinations there, and though the prize fellowship or idle fellowship is a scarcely known thing in American Universities.

These various causes, working together, produce a certain detachment in the American treatment of the subject which is not without value, and which results in some observations at least as much to the point as any that the debate in England has occasioned. We should not have been surprised to find something of a general craving for examinations among American scholars, owing to the undoubted prevalence in their country of a loose, smattering kind of knowledge which examinations might seem likely to check. It is not so. Thus President Adams, of Cornell, makes a distinct and a much-overlooked point when he says that the object of education is not merely the acquisition of information; that it is not even merely the development of the faculties; but that it is, or ought to be, "the awakening of certain desires that will serve to the pupil as a sort of perpetual inspiration through life." That is true, and well put; and it will go rather hard with examinations from the point of view to which it conducts us. Again, President Adams says, and again well, that the analogy of cramming for special purposes in after life—the getting up of a case, the arrangement of matter for literary work, and so forth—is a false analogy, because "the end in view is exterior to the actor." When the writer goes on to talk about dull or idle students being "a hindrance to the class," and about their deserving exclusion, he gets, of course, into matter alien from English experience, or at least English University experience. It is permissible to think in passing with a smile of the intense delight with which such an undergraduate as the late Mr. Mark Pattison hated would receive a sentence of "exclusion" from lectures, and consequent relegation to tennis-court and billiard-table, river and cricket-ground, or even the placid delight of perambulating the streets or abiding in his own rooms. But this does not affect Dr. Adams's general principles. President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, who follows, seems to be thinking of school rather than of what we should call college, from his reference to systems of "daily marks," and the like. President Carter, of Williams College, and President Sharpless, of Haverford, also fall into the same line (though the last-named has a useful denunciation of payment by results); and all three seem to be devoting less attention to the question of examinations in general than to Mr. Lankester's *per* ad of Teacher v. Examiner. It is natural that, from the professional point of view, this latter subject should be interesting; but it is of much less importance to the public, and its decision as a matter of fact entirely depends on the decision of the larger question. Under the present reign of examinations something like an examiner caste is practically a necessity, while, on the other hand, Professor Lankester's ideal state where the teacher was also invariably the examiner would soon lead to the abolition of examinations altogether. Not only every schoolmaster of the slightest competence, but even every lecturer and professor who has received essays from his hearers, knows perfectly well who are the best boys or men, and does not require to confirm his estimate by examinations which, if they do confirm it, are superfluous, and mischievous if they do not. Professor Cook, of the University of California, rather criticizes than contributes; but Chancellor Hall, one of the double-experience men above referred to, pronounces against examinations and strongly against prize scholarships and fellowships. The long and rather Nestorian contribution of Dr. McCosh, telling how he *pars fruit* of the original binders of this heavy burden on England, is not unpleasant to read, if not always quite to the point. But when Dr. McCosh says "it is acknowledged on all hands that competitive examination is an immense improvement on patronage," he begs the whole question. It is indeed acknowledged on all hands that with a large, a jealous, and a mainly ignorant electorate, it might be difficult to revert to patronage. But we can find him a great many "hands," and those eminent ones, who will deny stoutly that any marked improvement in the rank and file of the Civil Service has followed on competition, while they will affirm as stoutly that the very best men are often kept out by it. Nor in the remaining papers do we find more than two or three special points worth comment. The Hon. John Eaton, of Marietta, seems to have been considering some evil which does not exist in England when he talks of examiners "elected for some special or partisan end in religion or science." But, though the thing sounds grotesque, we are by no means sure, after certain recent extravagances on the part of our University Gladstonians, that we may not import this blessing also from his country. Professor Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, has a short but good paper, with at least one ingenious suggestion—that examination should be made, not a test for the good, but a punishment for the bad. This is humorous, and we are not prepared to say that it is impracticable. Some slight necessity of

altering the status of crammers would, however, follow. Instead of holding out places of emolument and distinction as prizes to the ingenuity of Mr. Wren and his fellows, those ingenious gentlemen would have to be made officials of a kind of penitentiary system wherein bad boys and men would work out their allotted number of passes with strong crying and tears. We rather like the notion.

To return to seriousness, these opinions, as far as they go, and all proper allowances being made, seem to be distinctly against examinations, and that too with the advantage that in most cases the witnesses seem to have considerably less interest (in the unfavourable sense) in the matter than our experts at home. The abominable system of schools and colleges competing for clever boys is, it is acknowledged, born in America, but is hardly out of its cradle, and the absence of any uniform or centralized system of education, whatever other drawbacks it may have, seems to have the advantage of discouraging the examination mill. On the other hand, it would of course be idle to pretend that American education is to be taken by any country as a model. There are a few good scholars, in the various senses of the word, in America, and there is an immense diffusion of the lowest kind of education; but what would be called in England the thoroughly well educated man is in proportion rare. It is certain, however, that this does not matter much. What does matter is that the considerable majority of these writers before us, some of them scholars of unquestionable distinction, and all of them practical men, disapprove of the reign of examination, and that those of them who do not disapprove seem, from their own line and style of argument, to be thinking more of the welfare and convenience of a scholastic profession than of the production of a satisfactory state of national culture. And it is also further noteworthy that the American approvers of examinations seem to speak, as a rule, of the lower grades of education where no one denies that some sort of examination not necessarily, but permissibly, competitive is necessary. A small boy who did not need the spur of examination, of "taking places," or of something of the kind, would be a nasty little unhealthy prig of a small boy for the most part. Even he should not have too much of it; but it is with his elders, and with what may be generally called University and professional examinations, that the question is really concerned.

For our own part, we should have welcomed the pamphlet if it had contained nothing but the sentence quoted above from President Adams. It is a commonplace enough that education is never "finished" (as the other commonplace has it), and perhaps the very worst curse of the examination system is that it tends to create a belief in "finishing." "The fight is o'er, the battle won" is, in the actual constitution of human nature, the natural reflection, conscious or unconscious, of the man who has gone through a long series of examinations. He need "bother about that" no more; and, in a very large number of cases, he does not bother about it. He has acquired the habit of circumscribing his intellectual energies within certain limits, and of directing them to certain ends, and they naturally decline to work under any other conditions.

We can scarcely do better than end by a solid extract from President Adams's paper. It may, indeed, be urged that the special subject he mentions is not the most crucial example conceivable; but that is only a very minor objection:—

But let us abandon the domain of analogies, and ask how far examinations are really useful for the two purposes just named. First, then, as to examinations as a spur. I for one am frank enough to avow my belief that for college students—and it is of these that I am chiefly speaking—such artificial spurs or stimulants are not helpful, but on the contrary are positively harmful. I am quite ready to admit that at times the spur and the whip of an examination may produce a better showing at the end of the term. But this momentary superiority I believe to be more than counterbalanced by certain other considerations. Such a forcing process is apt to beget a dislike of the work; it sets up wrong ideals; it keeps wrong ends in view; it substitutes small things for great things; in a word, it tends to deaden those scholarly impulses which most successfully lead on to great results, and puts in their place a slavish devotion to matters of far less importance. If I may be allowed to speak from my own personal observation, I desire to say that one of the most confident convictions resulting from my own experiences as a teacher of history, is the belief that, as a rule, the best work has been done where there has been the largest freedom, and the least satisfactory work where there has been the most rigid system of examinations and marks.

All which we believe to be true.

#### IN THE RED SEA.

AS a rule travellers delay in the Red Sea no longer than is absolutely necessary. Blue as are the waters, rocky and precipitous as are the shores, few people would fancy a yachting voyage in so barren a region. Yet you may find marvellous scenery, cliffs of all gorgeous colours, bays where at six or seven fathoms the water is so clear that you can see the white coral in a hundred fantastic forms, and the shining fish swimming about above it. Then at night surely no such skies are to be seen elsewhere. Venus throws a reflection which only differs in size, not in brightness, from that of the moon. The sunrise over the lofty peaks of Sinai can never be forgotten, but is well balanced by the sunset over the far mysterious mountains which divide the Red Sea from the Nile. When Arsinoe and Berenice and other ports were flourishing under the Ptolemies, these mountains must have



been familiar. Their very names are now forgotten, and if you look for them on the chart you will find some such form as Middle Saddleback or Jagged Razor Hill. The pleasure of travel depends on the traveller; and to some people the endless motion—for the Red Sea is a rough sea—the damp heat of some days and the chilly wind of others, coupled with the consciousness day by day that the stores are rapidly waning, will make the whole thing distasteful. But to any one who cares for fine scenery, and who has a little leisure time, or wishes after a long spell of hard work for a complete rest and change, nothing can be conceived more delightful. It is not, of course, always an easy trip to manage. A few private steam yachts have coasted all down the Sea with great pleasure and profit; and sometimes it has been found possible for an individual to obtain a passage in one of the steamers belonging to the Government, or on a man-of-war or a telegraph-ship on its tour of inspection. The Coastguard Service possesses a most luxurious steam-yacht, in which at certain intervals the chief officials go their rounds; and the regular lighthouse service is carried on by a more shipshape, if less gorgeous, vessel, capable when pressed of steaming fifteen knots, and eminently calculated in case of illness or other emergency to take relief in the shortest possible time. Most of the lighthouses in the Red Sea depend not only for provisions and oil for their lamps, but also for water, upon the periodical visits of the yacht; and although of late years one or two have been furnished with condensers, still a certain amount of fresh water must always be stored, lest the machinery should get out of order. The number of lights is considerable, the more so when we remember that forty years ago there was not one; and it is characteristic of the semi-European civilization of Egypt, as compared with the strictly Moslem and Turkish condition of the opposite coast, that all the Red Sea lights until we reach the British possessions at Perim and Aden are on the western or African side. When trade became brisk the P. and O. Company, after some losses and more narrow escapes, built the lighthouses on the Dædalus shoal, and on Zaffarana and Ashrafi, all previously dangerous places. The Government have taken them over, and there is no branch of the Khedive's service which better pays its way. New lighthouses are being added, and old ones improved; and before long the dreaded Red Sea will be as safe as the Mediterranean.

If one object of a leisurely voyage among the coral reefs and shoals, the sandy headlands, and precipitous islands of the Red Sea be to ascertain the exact reason why the *Yam Suf* of the Hebrews, the *Bahr Meleh* of the Arabs, is called Red by us, the answer comes sooner and more distinctly than could have been anticipated. The passenger in a mail-steamer, keeping well out to sea, has no opportunity of forming an opinion on this point. True, he knows, rather than sees, that the mountains of Sinai are composed of red granite; but of them he catches no more than a glimpse. So, also, many of the islets he passes—and notably those called The Brothers—are very red. But the voyager who goes from light to light, and naturally endeavours to take the shortest route in each case, finds that, before he has quite emerged from the Gulf of Suez, and while he is yet, as it were, on the threshold of the Red Sea, he can, by hugging the land, materially shorten the run from Ras Gharib to Ashrafi. The great mail-steamer keeps well to the eastward, and on leaving the Straits of Jubal are almost out of sight of land. But the coarser sees what they miss. He sails close to a long mountain range, rising abruptly from the water's edge to a height of 1,530 feet. When it is past he is in a different region, and soon the islands seem to disperse and the headlands to recede, and he has entered the portals of the Red Sea. But we must not leave this mountain without further observation. The whole mass is one piece of iron ore, so nearly pure that it deflects the compass very perceptibly. Are we not here on the track of Al Sindibad the sailor? The mountain furthermore has been known for some generations as Jebel Zeyt—the mountain of oil. The long, costly, and fruitless borings for petroleum were made a few years ago at Zeytia, a harbour some miles to the westward round the next point. But we have not yet noticed the most important thing, geographically speaking, about this mountain. Weather-beaten, rugged, and bare as are its sides, they are intensely red, varying between the colour of iron rust and that of hematite. This range, with its loadstone-like properties, its extraordinary and sudden rise out of deep water, and its mysterious exudation of oil must have been an object as much of fear as of wonder in a remote age; and it only remains to observe that to the old sailing craft it would be a most conspicuous object and the only land immediately on the course. The mail-steamer's course is so entirely different that, if Jebel Zeyt is seen at all, it is not endued with the ruddy glow of the iron ore, but with the delicate blue veil which lends such a charm to all Red Sea scenery. There is nothing specially new in this theory of the Red Sea; what has hitherto been wanting has been an identification of the supposed red mountain, and an identification, also, of a site which, while the older navigators could not possibly have overlooked it, the modern mail-steamer passenger could hardly have recognized. In Jebel Zeyt we find the required colour and the required situation, and also certain marvellous qualities which would enhance the importance of the mountain in the eyes of the older voyagers.

Threading our way, then, through the Gulf of Suez, past Jebel Abu Darraj, "the Father of Steps," from whose feet the children of Israel crossed, according to local tradition; and the lighthouse on Zaffarana—properly "Saffarana," a reference to its brilliant

yellow sands—we hasten on some three hundred and fifty miles, through bewitching scenery, until on the second day we are in sight of the Dædalus. About a degree north of the Tropic of Cancer, almost exactly abreast of Syene on the Nile and the first cataract, but, except in very clear weather, out of sight of land, this is the most dangerous shoal in the Red Sea. The loneliness of the situation is extreme, the climate hot, damp, and trying. Yet four Europeans, of whom one is always on leave, have been attached to the light for as many as ten years and more. A low foundation rises from the reef, which is never above water, except that some small black boulders are visible here and there and account for the Arabic name, Abu Kizan, the father of pots. A narrow passage, difficult to find, has been dredged through the shoal. Above the masonry, at which a visitor can land, is the iron framework of the light, and nestling, as it were, between its legs, the men's quarters. From the Dædalus, northward to The Brothers, is a night's sail. As it is surrounded with a moderate allowance of firm ground, the condition of the well-built stone lighthouse on The Brothers is not so deplorable, and as we pass the crow of a cock and the cackle of a hen suggest possibilities denied to the Dædalus.

The importance of the Red Sea as a commercial route long before the opening of the Suez Canal or the construction of a single lighthouse is proved by the frequent issue of volumes on its navigation and the careful surveys made at intervals, chiefly by officers of the late Indian navy. When a majority of the ships which entered these intricate waters had no steam-power such volumes of sailing directions were simply indispensable. In those days it was no unusual thing for a ship to be six months beating up from Aden to Suez, so that water and wood were constantly wanted; and in the books we often read such entries as these:—"Good water is to be procured here at some wells about five hundred yards from the beach; firewood is plenty"; or "Bullocks, sheep, and goats can be obtained here; firewood may be had for cutting, and there is a well of brackish water about three-quarters of a mile from the beach." Such directions as these are thrown away on the modern navigator. His path is all marked out for him; and, given clear weather, he need not take a bearing all the way down or up, from Suez to Babu'l mandib, the Gate of Tears—tears which, so far as they were caused by want of lighthouses, ought now to flow no longer. Yet shipwrecks continue to occur, and will probably go on perennially as long as careless navigators put to sea. The attention is diverted at Jebel Zukur by its strange shape from the long row of hulks abandoned on its shore; and a more melancholy sight cannot be seen. If it be true that Zukur means "a monument," and is a reference to its obelisk-like shape, rising as it does two thousand feet sheer out of the sea, a more appropriate name could hardly be found; but the Arabs also call it Jebel Dokan, the Hill of Smoke, which proves that, within historical memory at least, it was an active volcano. Another favourite place, so to speak, for making shipwreck is the island of Jubal, where now the bows of a great steamer lost there last year stand up like a tall beacon against the sky. A third and still more dangerous place was the island of Shadwan, which stands just south of the Straits; but the opening this spring of a new lighthouse, a hundred and twenty feet from the level of the sea, on the south side, ought to have the most satisfactory effect. There is something strange, almost poetical, in the contrast afforded by the view. We round into the bay under the lee of those barren mountains, with the curious central summit like a negro's head and shoulders—did Mr. Rider Haggard ever see it?—towering almost a thousand feet into the blue sky. There is no sign of cultivation or civilization or human life, except what is afforded by the lighthouse, which looks fresh, neat, spick, and span, with its white stone masonry quarried on the spot, its aesthetically-painted lantern, and the iron pier, with its hydraulic lift and its tramway, all planted in this wild waste of desolate land and unfathomable water. The loneliness seems almost greater than that on the Dædalus. The Dædalus is like a ship anchored at sea; but life on Shadwan must be like life on a desert island.

The scenery round Shadwan and to north of it is very fine. Looking towards Koseir we see some noble ranges. One panorama of hills comes into sight after another; and, if your yacht is not too large, you can pass to the westward of Shadwan, and enter the Straits close to the island from which they derive their name, Jubal, the camel's hump. The peninsula of Sinai is full in front before you turn northward, but a controversy rages over the question as to whether the "Mount of Moses" is visible or not. The old sailing directions are worth consulting on this point. "None of the sea of Suez, except a very small portion about Hummum Bluff, can be seen from Mount Sinai," says the book, leaving the question much as it was, but allowing us to hope that in steaming by we may have caught, wittingly or unwittingly, a glimpse of the sacred mountain.

The next lighthouse north of the Straits of Jubal is named Al Ashrafi, a superlative denoting the nobleness of the situation, which is indeed superb, the range of Jebel Zeyt, already mentioned, being to the south-west, and another and still finer range being inland to westward. The lighthouse, which is close to the shore, looks like a gigantic skeleton, 140 feet high, and goes far to spoil the view. The same must be said of the next, which looks as if a "ginn" had set down an overgrown bedroom candlestick just where it would obscure the view of Jebel Gharib—"the strange hill"—a triple-topped mountain nearly six thousand feet high, some twenty miles inland. The last of all is Zaffarana, a

stone-built lighthouse on the mainland, with a monthly camel from Suez, and ordinary whitewashed houses and the visits of friendly Bedouins and other resources of civilization, which, of course, put it altogether beyond the pale of our sympathies. At one time, however, the light-keepers on Zaffarana were to be pitied. Those roomy cottages were inhabited by their wives, so the story goes; but contests and rivalries sprang up among the ladies, who, having little else to do, contended for precedence, and the comfort of the men as well as the efficiency of the service necessitated their removal. There are no women at Zaffarana now. Peace reigns among the yellow sands.

#### A DRUNKEN DOG.

WHY should a man be called a dog as a name for reproach or contempt? Why should he be called a drunken dog, a sad dog, a miserable dog, or be said to have a hang-dog look? The dog is very human, and perhaps it is on this account that the most faithful and loving companion of man has come to be associated in words with his failings. A boy is sometimes called a monkey, a woman a cat or a goose, and a man may be called an ass and be henpecked; but a drunken dog is the phrase that carries contempt with it the most, though the dog of all animals is the least worthy of contempt by man. How dogs love men, and how men (the word man, of course, includes woman) love dogs! A scientific zoologist may put the ape or the elephant before dogs in their intellectual endowments, for which they have possibly very good reasons, and Sally at the Zoological Gardens is, no doubt, a superior person. But from the very earliest days, when the dog's remotest ancestor was taken as a whelp from a wolf's den, and made the close companion of man, to live with him, hunt with him, eat with him, and guard him, he has been on such extremely intimate terms with man, that through thousands of generations he has acquired an amount of humanity which to a nice observer is very astonishing. The thousands of generations have rather a melancholy aspect. The dog is so very short lived. He is aged at 15 years, as old in point of decrepitude as a horse at 30, more so than a man at 80. It is sad to think for how short a time we have this prime favourite with us, and what lamentations are poured over his early grave. He, doubtless, lives a fast life; he has fine faculties, scent, sight, and hearing, and he uses them without stint. His digestion must be pretty good, too, judging by the way he bolts his food. Perhaps Nature has designed him to wear himself out quickly, so that he shall not live long enough to know too much, to learn to speak, and to write—in short, to rival her proud piece of work, man, as he might if he had fifty years instead of fifteen to do it in. He is an old, decrepid person, with great experience, but with his faculties all used up, when man is just escaping from childhood. He is much "misunderstood" by man—that is, by some men (man including woman, as before, more than ever, perhaps), who indulge in very fantastic notions as to his sense of shame, dishonesty, and so forth; not interpreting correctly the expression of his emotions, and putting his morality unjustly on the same level as that of the common human being. But certainly he runs the risk of having his morals undermined, and on this point we have something serious to say.

We know a Drunken Dog, we regret to say, a real drunken dog. He was employed in a whisky distillery of some repute, not an illicit one, in the north of Ireland, to guard the premises in case of thieves and burglars. He was a bull-terrier of very promising exterior for such a purpose—we believe exterior is the proper term to use in describing the outward and visible signs of character. But when we saw him he was a wreck, with only the shattered remains of this promising exterior visible. He was lying on the hearthrug before the office fire, bleary-eyed, dilapidated, abandoned to vicious habits, with all the marks upon him of a dissipated scoundrel, thin, weak, unsteady in his gait when he got up, tail nowhere to speak of, ears much the same. The cause of this melancholy backsliding was thus explained. Soon after he came to the distillery, then a sprightly dog fully alive to the work of detecting the stealthy steps of thieves and burglars, he felt thirsty. So he followed some of the men up a sort of ladder or steep steps to an upper floor, and there he saw a bright liquid looking like water running over the refrigerator; he lapped, and was a lost dog. It was pure spirit: he liked it, and returned to it again and again. The sensation of getting drunk was very agreeable to him; he went up the steep steps—not the usual broad way to sin—drank to excess, became hopelessly drunk, came down, often falling headlong, lay down by the fire in a stupid condition until he was sober, sleeping off his debauchery, and then again went up to get drunk as before. This was the evil life he was leading when we saw him. A more wretched, ill-conditioned, blackguard-looking dog never was seen. It may well be asked, Why was such conduct allowed? In a busy place such an unusual falling away from virtue in a faithful dog may not have been at first observed. Possibly the upper classes in a distillery do not take much notice of dogs, whilst the lower classes may have had a sneaking kindness for, and sympathy with, a dog in doing that which they would only be too glad to do themselves if they could. However that may be, the vice had been acquired beyond all hope of reform, and the very curiosity of a literally drunken dog, a lapse unexampled, even in a distillery, of a moral nature, proof in all former experience against the tempta-

tions of such an alcoholic Paradise, was enough to let him lie, an example to mankind, on the office hearth-rug of an Irish distillery. What his end may be, or may have been, it is painful to contemplate. To imagine a bull-terrier with delirium tremens is not pleasant, and the M.R.C.V.S. called in on such an occasion would not be in an enviable position. It would be probably pronounced rabies, as everything else is, and the end would be anything but peace.

#### AN IMPRESSIONIST.

THE paintings of a famous French Impressionist, M. Claude Monet, are now on view at the galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co., in New Bond Street. These extraordinary pictures are hung in a room by themselves, and the first idea—shall we say "impression"?—of the visitor is that he has entered the domain of a literally and technically crazy person. This feeling rapidly fades away, especially if the spectator retires to the furthest limit of the opposite wall, for these works are intended to be seen at a distance. M. Claude Monet is eventually discovered to be eccentric, but not at all crazy, and those who are sufficiently unprejudiced to do justice to his intentions, and look at his work from the proper point of view, will probably come at last to admit that he has a very remarkable and original talent.

This is not the first time that M. Monet has been seen in London. When the "Société des Impressionnistes" brought its collection to England some six or seven years ago, M. Monet was represented with the rest. We recollect that at that time his inconceivable landscapes—all lavender pink and emerald green—were the greatest stumbling-blocks of that whole exhibition. Those who were able to see how exceedingly clever were the phantom figure-pieces of Degas, and could detect something not wholly unintelligible in Pissarro and in Boudin, refused to confess themselves educated up to Monet, the helot of the show. Perhaps we are better accustomed to his aspect of nature, perhaps he now paints better than he did then, but at all events the exhibition in Bond Street this year strikes us as far less incoherent than M. Monet's contribution to the former one.

Much depends on the position of the spectator. Unless he retires to a distance of twelve or fifteen feet from the canvas, he cannot begin to comprehend such a picture as the "Field of Poppies" (2). At that distance, the aerial perspective begins to assert itself, and what seemed a perpendicular wall of yellowish-grey, dotted with scarlet, begins to appear horizontal, to assume the character of dry herbage, and to let poppies be seen through the interstices of its stalks. Still more unintelligible, except at a distance, is the extremely bold "Prairie et Figures" (10), which displays a field bathed in full afternoon sunshine, with a girl and two boys walking towards the spectator, their backs to the sun, and their faces lighted up with reflected sunshine. Extraordinary as the orange and lilac colour of this curious picture is, the longer we look at it from the other end of the gallery, the more we hesitate to pronounce it false. What is certainly wrong, however, is the staring black beads in the boys' foreheads, which no distance resolves into eyes. The "Prairie et Figures, temps couvert" (6), which is much less striking, is less meritorious also. The absence of the glare of sun makes us demand a great refinement of detail.

Some of the landscapes, into which no figures are introduced, are the happiest among these strange pictures. There is something fascinating about the spectral view of "Vétheuil" (13), shrouded in fog. In "Boats at Argenteuil" (19) we have a scene which might almost be an imperfect Corot—quiet grey tones, lightened up by soft tints of green and brick-red. "Prairie de Gwerny" (20) is a sunny field, with a path running up it, seen with its golden-green relieved against deep tones of pendant foliage in shadow. The "Maisons de Villageois" (11) is a hill-side, very prettily laid in. Some of the radiant Mediterranean seascapes, with their violet purple lights of mistral across the water, are fine. An example, finally, of all that is worst in M. Monet is the "Moulin de Limetz" (3), a conjunction of crude blues, pinks, and purples which is positively horrible; while an example of his work at its very best is "Un tournant de l'Epte" (17), a cliff of pale French poplars, with their young and still yellowish leaves all quivering and sparkling in the sunlight, rising from the very borders of a winding and stately stream. If the Impressionists would never do anything worse than this we would promise them our blessing, eccentric as they are, upon every decent occasion.

#### RACING.

AFTER the excitement of the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the Newmarket Craven Meeting was expected to be a dull and a flat affair; but, although the attendance was very small and the weather disagreeable on the first day, the fields were larger than at Leicester and the racing was excellent. Four races were won by only a neck, and two by half a length, while in four the three placed horses finished within three-quarters of a length of each other. Three promising two-year-olds, out of a field of a dozen, were only divided by necks for the FitzWilliam Plate of 800*l*. These were Mr. Cass's Belmont, a very well-shaped, though somewhat unfurnished, chestnut colt by Beau Brummell,



Mr. C. D. Rose's Bel Demonio, a chestnut colt by Robert the Devil, considered by some judges the best-looking two-year-old that had been out this season, and the Duke of Hamilton's Laure, a fine bay filly by Petrarch. Belmont, the winner, is reported to have been sold since the race for 1,600 guineas. The Crawford Plate of 700*l.* also brought out a field of a dozen, and Mr. Hammond's Aintree, the first favourite, who, when an outsider, had beaten a large field for a race of equal value at Liverpool, was now just beaten a neck by Prince Soltykoff's handsome chestnut filly, Love-in-Idleness, who only won one race out of twelve last season. Lord Falmouth's long-backed colt, Krishna, who had lost the only race for which he ran last year, was made first favourite, Lord Durham's beautiful filly Gulbeyaz second favourite, and Prince Soltykoff's mean-looking little colt, Duo, third favourite for the Biennial. All three, as well as the hitherto unbeaten Sea Shell, and two others, were very easily beaten by Mr. Houldsworth's rather leggy colt, Evergreen, who started at 10 to 1, although he had won the Breeder's Foal Stakes of 1,500*l.* at Manchester last autumn.

On the second day the attendance was even scantier than on the first, the weather was abominable, and the course was heavy. The Duke of Portland had the good fortune to win three out of four successive races, and in two of them as much as 10 and 12 to 1 were laid against his horses. For the Column Produce Stakes, his fine colt, Melanion, was unexpectedly pressed for a stride or two by Prince Soltykoff's clever pony, Pantomime. Not a few candid critics admire Melanion more than his stable companion Donovan. The race for the Sale Stakes was an absurd farce, as the two competitors cantered very slowly until they were within a couple of hundred yards of the winning-post, when Doreuse, who is said to be a roarer, made a sudden dash and won by a couple of lengths. For the Three-Year-Old Plate, the favourites were beaten by a pair of outsiders running for the first time, the Duke of Portland's The Turcophone, a moderate-looking colt by Galopin, and Mr. L. de Rothschild's Roswal, a powerful and grandly shaped colt, by Kisber, out of Hippia. The former won by a neck from the latter, who is considered good-looking enough to improve greatly upon this form. Lord Dudley's Beggar My Neighbour, a colt that had cost 1,300 guineas as a yearling, was made favourite for a Two-Year-Old Plate, but was beaten a neck by the Duke of Portland's Elsie, who makes another winner to the credit of the first-season stallion St. Simon. Many well-known English horses were beaten for the Babraham Plate by Count Lehnendorff's Hortari, a chestnut colt by Chamant out of Hamadryade, the dam of several good horses in Germany. Esther's victory in a Selling Plate, and her subsequent sale at an advance of 175 guineas on her price as a yearling, should call attention to her sire, Esterling, a remarkably fine specimen of a thoroughbred horse, and full of Bird-catcher and Touchstone blood, who won his only race at this very meeting four years ago. There was a fine finish for the last race of the day between four horses ridden by the two Barretts, Calder, and Mornington Cannon. In this race old Fulmen ran for the last time. He has grand blood in his veins; but he has never repaid the 5,000 guineas that he cost as a three-year-old. On the third day of the meeting, Prince Soltykoff's useful colt Sheen, who has laid on muscle and filled out considerably since last season (when he won the Ascot Derby and other races, worth in all more than 4,000*l.*), won the Biennial Stakes very easily from the Duke of Beaufort's great, powerful black horse, Benburb. A field of nine came out for the Craven Stakes, for which "Mr. Abington's" Freemason, by Barcadine out of the celebrated mare Geheimniss, was made favourite, although he had never won a race; but Mr. Low's Gay Hampton, the fifth favourite, who had finished fifth for the Prince of Wales's Stakes on the previous Saturday, and was giving Freemason 15 lbs., beat him by half a length, bringing up his winnings to 2,461*l.*—a considerable instalment towards the 3,000 guineas which he cost as a yearling. His victory, when giving weight to everything in the race, did not say much for the field behind him; for, although ridden out to the last ounce, he had finished between six and seven lengths behind Donovan for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Leicester. Yet the defeated Freemason cost 1,900 guineas two years ago. Another expensive horse, a five-year-old, Mr. H. Milner's three-thousand-six-hundred-guinea Whistle Jacket, only made up his total winnings to 205*l.* by winning the Flying Handicap by a head from Lord Hastings's St. Patrick, who had been made first favourite on the strength of having made the running during the first half of the race and finished next to Gay Hampton for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. As he was meeting the great, striding Whistle Jacket at a disadvantage of 16 lbs. at weight-for-age, his defeat was no disgrace. Mr. L. de Rothschild won the last three races of the meeting. His two-year-old, Wayland, the winner of the Althorp Park Stakes, won the Ashley Stakes, giving weight to each of his seven opponents, among whom was an evenly made, if slightly undersized, filly called La Cloche, that had cost 900 guineas last year.

The first day of the Derby Spring Meeting was wet and the course was very heavy. The Sudbury Stakes of 700*l.*, which produced a field of a dozen, was won by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's well-formed and strongly-built colt Carriek, who had run unplaced twice, and consequently started at 20 to 1. He now made all the running, and won by half a length from Lord Calthorpe's Heresy, a lengthy filly by Hermit, who is not unlikely to do better when she has had more time. "Mr. Abington's" Master Bill won the Welbeck Stakes of 1,000*l.* in a field of nineteen.

This handsome and powerful three-year-old colt appeared to beat his opponents by sheer strength as he galloped through the heavy ground; but it is only fair to say that he had an advantage of about a stone over the second favourite, Noble Chieftain, at weight-for-age. He is a good specimen of a cheap yearling turning out a success, as he only cost 80 guineas, and has already won nearly 2,000*l.* in stakes. On the Saturday, the Dove-ridge Handicap of 800*l.* was won in a canter by General Byrne's three-year-old colt, Amphion, who had shown some good form last season, and now started first favourite. The Duke of Portland's grandly-made colt, Johnny Morgan, who has been a very disappointing horse this season, ran second. The Osmaston Plate, for two-year-olds, was won very easily by Mr. C. W. Lea's Prince of Tyre, a brown colt by the young stallion Althotas, who was a remarkably fast horse in his day. Among his unplaced opponents was "Mr. Abington's" Grandeur, the winner of the Lincoln Stakes, who led to the distance, and then collapsed. Prince of Tyre had been entered, "to be sold for 50*l.*," for a selling race that immediately followed the Osmaston Plate. A horse valued so lightly for a selling plate was not likely to be made a favourite for the previous race, and 6 to 1 was offered against him. When, however, one backer took those odds to 100*l.*, and offered to "go on," while 4 to 1 was eagerly snapped up in another part of the Ring, Prince of Tyre became a very strong favourite, and eventually this "fifty-pound" colt won easily by two lengths. Of course he did not start for the selling plate, and we assume that his owner only entered him for it from motives of humility.

The German horse, Hortari, already mentioned, was made favourite for the Nottingham Spring Handicap on Monday last; but "Mr. Abington" rode a good race on Mr. O'Neill's powerful, if rather plain, horse, The Rejected, who gave 17 lbs. or more to everything in the race, and won very cleverly.

#### LENT TERM AT OXFORD.

RARELY has there been a more uneventful Term than the Lent Term at Oxford. For a brief space, at all events, it seems that the spirit of reform has been allowed to repose in the ancient University, and that even the examination system has not provoked the ingenuity of critical and reconstructive minds. One attempt, indeed, was made to alter the constitution of Responses, and to provide facilities for the abolition of the *vivâ voce* part of the examination; but though doubtless *vivâ voce* is doomed all along the line, the chance is yet given to Masters of the Schools to keep up the old disputatious glories of Oxford. For the rest, there were but peaceful and unimportant proposals—to extend the accommodation for art-treasures at the Taylorian, and to give Bodley's Librarian a right to deposit his lumber in the cellar of the Sheldonian—proposals which scarcely served to ruffle the surface of Convocation politics. So little was there doing in academic circles that the performance of *Julius Cæsar* by the Undergraduate Dramatic Society came to be regarded as the chief feature in an uninteresting Term.

This rare boon of peace is not altogether of the nature of a fortunate accident. It directly flows from the character and influence of the head of the University and the nature of the régime which his Vice-Chancellorship has introduced. When, some three years ago, Dr. Bellamy was made Vice-Chancellor, the so-called Radicals of the University, the engines of reforming zeal and the *esprits forts* of academic revolution, were understood to be somewhat in despair. They had been accustomed to a four years' reign of ceaseless innovation under the auspices of the indefatigable Master of Balliol. There was no sphere of interest, educational, philosophical, literary, or social, which had not become the field for reforming zeal. Examinations had been built up and pulled down; the Constitution of the University was subject to severe scrutiny; and even professors, the *enfants gâtés* of the Commission, trembled before the Visitation Board. When Mr. Jowett ceased to be Vice-Chancellor, it was opined that the University would go to sleep. For his successor was held to be no friend to change; he was not a Liberal, but a Conservative; not a reformer, but a constitutionalist; a man of quiet but limited energy, who had very decided opinions as to what a University should be and a deep-rooted dislike of such innovation as was arbitrary and uncalled for.

A great deal of what was surmised was true; but Dr. Bellamy had other characteristics which seem to have come as a surprise to both friends and enemies. The first thing that struck his critics was his impartiality, the second was his eminently business-like instinct, the third was the strength and force of his character. The Vice-Chancellor is the titular chairman of all committees and meetings, and when Dr. Bellamy was in the chair he construed to himself with admirable clearness his duties in that position. It was not his duty to have a decided opinion and to let that opinion become manifest; but rather to hold all conflicting opinions in equal balance, and to be neutral to the strife of parties. With his impartiality was conjoined also his talent for business, and the clear-headed strength with which he guided all debates to their ultimate issue. In olden days the whole of Monday afternoons used to be spent by the Hebdomadal Council in their deliberations, and the exhausted members of that body used to be seen crawling at last, about five or six o'clock, to recruit their spent energies in their own dining-halls. But Dr. Bellamy, like

Dr. Evans of Pembroke, had no great liking for afternoon séances, and he had the power to shorten discussion. Meaningless floods of talk were sternly repressed, and an unrecognized *clôture* was put in force, which brought matters to a decision. Members of the Hebdomadal found to their surprise that they were released at four o'clock instead of six, and that too without any uneasy sense that business had been shuffled over. A tardy gratitude awoke even in the minds of the Radicals towards a chairman who could thus so masterfully direct them. For Dr. Bellamy, though he never scrupled to speak out his mind with almost blunt plainness, possessed also the *savoir faire* to avoid giving offence. No man has probably ever spoken such honest truths without hurting men's feelings. He could tell a hesitating head of a college that he was only sent to Council in order to have an opinion and not to have doubts; but the rebuked councillor never bore him the slightest grudge for his criticism. In truth, Dr. Bellamy was not sarcastic and ironical, but only downright; and men can bear plain speaking from a strong man far more easily than shafts of ridicule from a wit. The machine worked smoothly at all events, and the credit belonged to the sensible and practical rule of Dr. Bellamy.

The attitude of the Vice-Chancellor to the Amateur Dramatic Society, which has so lately gained credit from its last Shakspearian production, is only one instance of his common sense and judgment. No one thinks that undergraduates are sent up to Oxford to act, and Dr. Bellamy, last of all men, had sympathy with such forms of art. But the Dramatic Club was in existence, and had been sanctioned by the Master of Balliol, and it was safer to allow it to exist under certain restrictions and conditions. No doubt the friends of the Vice-Chancellor thought that, when he entered office, they would see the end of the accursed thing. But irresponsible advice did not weigh with Dr. Bellamy so much as the exigencies of the situation, and he deemed it the more prudent course to acknowledge an existing institution, though he would probably have never sanctioned it in the first instance. He made one or two wise changes in the conditions of amateur performances; he altered, for instance, the time of year from the summer term, when there are a host of examinations, to the Lent Term, when there are comparatively few; for the rest, he left the Dramatic Club undisturbed. It was the same with the Oxford Theatre. He was not going to shut his eyes to facts. If the theatre was there, and, on the whole, well managed, it was the wisest course to let it alone. For the maxim of his rule is *quies non movere*—to let sleeping dogs lie.

Hence at Oxford there is peace in the land; and the prophesied sleep of four years has come, though not exactly in the sense in which it was expected. If we hear less of startling innovation, it may be that there is more quiet work; if the fountains of the great deep are not let loose, it may be that there is time allowed for the simple cultivation of the land. At all events, there are many in Oxford who congratulate themselves on their repose. For men cannot always live at fever-heat; nor can even the most reckless of those who wish to make the old University live, as they phrase it, with the times, and ape the manners and customs of the scientific seminaries of the North, afford sempiternally to "lack the season of all natures, sleep."

#### RECENT CONCERTS.

THE chief interest in the programme of the third Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Thursday, the 11th, lay in two important compositions by the Russian composer, Petr Tchaikowsky, who conducted them in person. The first of these, a Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, numbered Op. 23, has been heard previously, but the second, an Orchestral Suite, is a comparatively recent composition, and was performed on this occasion for the first time in England. M. Tchaikowsky, who is looked upon as the representative composer of the modern Russian school, though born in 1840, did not begin the study of music until he was twenty, and his activity as a composer dates barely twenty years back. This accounts very much for the fact that, though he has written a large amount of music, he has hardly yet succeeded in forming an individual style. He is essentially an eclectic composer, and his music, though containing a vein of national feeling and colour, continually suggests that the composer is striving to resist the influence of his contemporaries and predecessors. In the technicalities of his art he is thoroughly at home; his orchestral scoring, like the vocal writing of his songs and his treatment of the pianoforte in his smaller works, is in every respect excellent. It is difficult to foretell whether he will ever win a permanent reputation as a composer. The Suite, in point of lucidity of expression and freedom of style, shows a great advance upon the Pianoforte Concerto, but in both works there is an element of commonplace, almost of vulgarity, which the composer seems constantly to strive against, though he never succeeds in hiding it. The Suite, as performed on Thursday, consists of five movements—Introduction and Fugue, Divertimento, Intermezzo, Marche Miniature, and Gavotte. The work evidently pleased the audience, which insisted upon the repetition of the Marche, which, though the least remarkable number of the Suite, proved very taking, owing to its fantastic orchestration. The Concerto was played by M. Sapellnikoff, a young but

vigorous pianist, who is understood to be a pupil of Mme. Sophie Menter, and certainly possesses some of that powerful lady's force of attack. Apart from his superabundant expenditure of energy, M. Sapellnikoff created a favourable impression, and is evidently a pianist of more than ordinary calibre. The remainder of the programme consisted of Mozart's Symphony in E flat, Wallace's Overture to *Lurline*, and songs by Miss Hall and Mr. Brereton. Of the performance of the Symphony it is impossible to speak with much satisfaction. As far as concerns the mere execution of the notes, there was nothing to find fault with in the playing of the fine orchestra, but a more lifeless interpretation of the work has been seldom heard. The tempo of nearly every movement was dragged, and the effects of light and shade were all reduced to a dead level of dullness. Mr. Cowen cannot afford to rest on his Australian laurels as he seemed to be doing on Thursday night. The most interesting vocal number was Purcell's "Arise, ye subterranean winds," which was finely sung by Mr. Brereton. The original accompaniment had been well scored for the occasion by Mr. Ernest Ford.

The programme of the last Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace contained an interesting novelty in the form of a Pianoforte Concerto by a young English composer, whose name was new to most of the audience. Mr. J. C. Ames has studied at Stuttgart and Dresden, and his Concerto is numbered Op. 8. It is not a very lengthy work, consisting of a short Maestoso, leading into an Andante, and concluding with a more elaborate Allegro. The impression created on Saturday was distinctly favourable. The work is melodious and spirited, and is welcome, if only for the spontaneity and geniality with which it is written. Mr. Ames's music is at present not very original, and his orchestration—especially in the Finale, where the use of the percussion instruments was excessive—will probably improve with experience; but the Concerto was distinctly successful, and further works from the same pen will be looked for with interest. The pianoforte part was admirably played by Mr. Oscar Beringer. The other orchestral numbers in the programme were Bennett's beautiful Overture, "The Naiads," and a graceful Andante Espressivo from Mr. Thomas Wingham's Serenade in E flat, which gave cause for regret that the whole work was not performed. The concert concluded with a fine performance of Schubert's C major Symphony, a work which Mr. Manns excels in conducting. The vocalist was Miss Macintyre, who sang the scena from the Prison Scene of Boito's *Mefistofele* with great dramatic effect, besides Gounod's *Le Printemps* and Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of Burns's "Mary Morison." The first song was spoilt by being taken at much too slow a pace; the latter is hardly one of its composer's happiest efforts.

The last Monday Popular Concert of the season, which took place on the 15th, was devoted, as usual, to a repetition of the most favourite pieces in the repertory of these concerts. The programme included Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet, in which Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti took part. Haydn's String Quartet in B flat major, Op. 76, No. 4; Veracini's Largo and Allegro for Violoncello and Pianoforte, played by Signor Piatti and Miss Fanny Davies; three of Brahms's Hungarian Dances, for Violin and Pianoforte, played by Dr. Joachim and Mlle. Janotha; Chopin's Barcarolle, in F sharp major, and four songs sung by Miss Liza Lehmann. Unlimited applause greeted every performance; but Miss Fanny Davies, after a correct, but somewhat unimaginative, rendering of Chopin's Barcarolle, was forced to respond to an encore by playing a waltz by Nicolai von Wilm. Miss Liza Lehmann, whose selection of songs is always made with taste, sang Schubert's Schlummerlied and "Hark, hark, the Lark," her own "If thou wilt be the falling dew," and a charming old English ballad, "Oh, listen to the voice of love." After the concert was over an interesting ceremony took place in the Lower Hall, where Sir Frederick Leighton presented Dr. Joachim with a violin of Stradivarius and a bow by Tourte, as a present from his English admirers to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the great violinist's public appearance. The presentation was made before a numerous contingent of the subscribers, who, it is understood, number upwards of five hundred; and was accompanied by a graceful speech from Sir Frederick Leighton, as Chairman of the Testimonial Committee, Dr. Joachim responding in a short speech which was delivered with evident emotion.

The third and last of Herr Max Heinrich's interesting Song Recitals took place at the Steinway Hall last Tuesday. The programme contained no novelties, the concert-giver confining himself to singing six of Schubert's best-known *Lieder*, and, for an encore, Schumann's "Die Stille." Mr. Heinrich is heard to much greater advantage in a small room than in a large space like St. James's Hall, where he is apt to strain his voice and exaggerate his enunciation. His singing of some of the Schubert songs was very good, though he certainly took the tempo of "Ungehduld" at too great a pace. He was assisted by Miss Lena Little, who sang with her usual finish Handel's "Son confusa pastorella," and songs by Brahms, Wagner, and Grieg, besides joining the concert-giver in duets by Dvořák and Henschel. The pianoforte solos of Herr Bonawitz might well have been dispensed with.



## KEW GARDENS.

FROM time to time one of those people who apparently enjoy creating a little sensation by airing their imperfect knowledge of facts uplifts his voice in the House of Commons as aggrieved at the great expense to which the nation is put in maintaining the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. He is possibly under the impression—as, indeed, are the majority of people—that Kew Gardens are mere highly ornamental open spaces, to which the public and the inhabitants of Kew especially are granted admission at all times. Under these circumstances the keeping up of so many costly conservatories is, in the opinion of those who are not aware of the truth, inexcusable; and, although they have a vague idea that the Victoria Regia costs a small income to enable it to bloom annually, to the delight of holiday-makers and of our cousins from across the Atlantic, they would willingly vote for such a decrease in the grant accorded by the nation to the Directors of these Gardens for their proper preservation that before many months the most beautiful of water-lilies would have ceased to exist and the great Palm-house be a howling wilderness. There is, however, every just reason why, instead of being diminished, the grant to Kew should be augmented. Let any intelligent person take the trouble to go systematically round these Botanical Gardens, and he will be at once convinced of their great importance, not only to England, but to the colonies and the Indian Empire; for they are emphatically not mere pleasure-grounds, but have a distinctive function to perform in the commercial economy of the country, and are the headquarters of a vast organization, having ramifications in every part of the known globe—and, we might almost say, the unknown, for missionaries and travellers are constantly sending to Kew from newly-discovered lands specimens of the rarest of plants, many of which are absolutely unknown to botanists. The staff of learned men engaged here is not a large one, but its activity and intelligence cannot be over-estimated. Thanks to them, no less than three important publications are issued every month from Kew—the *Botanical Magazine*, edited by Sir Joseph Hooker; *Icones Plantarum*, which deals with the dried or colourless specimens of plants; and the *Bulletin of Miscellaneous Information*; and to these may be added a number of special pamphlets, issued from time to time, treating of fresh discoveries, which are sent out to the colonial Governors, directors of museums and botanical gardens, as well as to the leading scientific men of Europe.

To the right of the grounds stands an ancient mansion of the Georgian epoch, which in bygone times was inhabited by the King of Hanover. It is now the principal centre of the organization to which we have above alluded, and here is preserved unquestionably the largest collection of dried specimens of flowers and plants in existence. Hither come students of every nationality to gather information which cannot be obtained elsewhere; and only the other day, when we were visiting the principal hall, a pile of pressed leaves and plants lay upon the table which had just arrived from a Jesuit missionary labouring in an unknown region of China. In the Gardens themselves are other special museums of great interest. The splendid Orangery has been converted into a museum for woods, tissues, roots, grains, seeds, and models of edible fruits, many specimens of which figured in the great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. And here we should not forget to mention the handsome gallery presented to the nation by Miss North, which contains the wonderful series of drawings of plants which she made during many years when on her extended travels through tropical regions. But, independently of the museums, the outdoor gardens and the numerous conservatories are arranged on purely scientific principles, and, although they are very picturesque and beautiful, their utilitarian side is never for a moment lost to sight, so that the horticulturist can see for himself in the most practical manner how particular plants should be grown, as well as the results of their careful culture. None of the produce of the Gardens is sold, but the surplus of seeds and young plants is exchanged for other specimens from public institutions of a like character abroad. The great Palm-house is unquestionably one of the most beautiful and extensive in the world, and gives us as fair an idea of tropical beauty as it is possible to conceive without actually visiting a jungle; but close to it is a small conservatory of far greater value, in which plants of a useful kind are exhibited. Here, for instance, grows the coca, whence the much-talked-of cocaine is derived. There are also several varieties of teas, and a little plant, newly discovered—the *Gymnema sylvestre*, to which the attention of Kew was drawn by Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff—from the leaves of which an alkaloid can be abstracted which deprives us of the taste of sweetness for at least forty-eight hours, without injurious effect; and hard by it is another newcomer, the Miraculous berry of the Gold Coast, the leaves of which, treated in the same manner, produce a totally different result, for they cloy the mouth with a saccharine sweetness so great, that it matters not what we eat or drink afterwards, it will always have, during the time the effect lasts, the flavour of honey. In short, Kew Gardens is a centre round which not only all the similar establishments in England but those of the whole Continent revolve; for it is acknowledged that it is the most complete of its kind in existence. But perhaps the best means of obtaining a thorough insight into the work achieved at Kew would be by perusing the *Bulletin of Miscellaneous Information*.

The January number opens with a most interesting article on "Coca." This is followed by an article on "Beetles Destructive to Rice-Crops in Burma"; then another on "Fibre from Lagos"; and the fourth is on the "Yam Bean"; while the concluding article treats of "Fruits of Mysore." This last is simply a continuation of a series of reports on the same subject commenced in the *Bulletin* last year, which informs us what fruits are produced by our various colonies, and where are located the markets where they can be sold to the best advantage. At present the trade in fresh fruit with the colonies is not very extensive; but it is capable of immense development, and, indeed, may possibly in the end disturb the schemes of those who advocate increased fruit-growing in England. The *Bulletin* also includes a very well-arranged list of the new garden plants recently introduced at Kew, and, as no such list is to be found in any other publication, it is not necessary to dwell upon its importance to horticulturists. The learned little world which does its work so regularly at Kew in its various museums and offices is of far greater importance to the world at large than is generally imagined. The chief secrets of botany are only now being disclosed; and, as within only a few years past such a wonderful anesthetic as cocaine has been introduced, whereby certain operations can be performed with impunity, it would be hard to tell what fresh discoveries are in store for us, and it is only at such an institution as Kew that the scientist can diligently pursue researches which may eventually prove of inestimable benefit to mankind. Therefore, independently of their beauty as a pleasure resort, from a purely utilitarian point of view Kew Gardens have claims upon the general public which it would be folly to ignore and absolute wickedness to seek in any way to diminish. Let the honourable gentlemen who, upon mere hearsay report, attack the by no means too liberal grant made annually to this great scientific institution visit the place for themselves before they again venture to advocate measures which would be nothing short of a positive national calamity were they ever to be carried into execution. Indeed, there stands facing the Palm-house a certain fine old red-brick mansion which belonged to George IV., and which still pertains to the Crown, but which has been, for various reasons, long untenanted, and even destitute of furniture, which many often wish to see added to the present scanty building premises of the Botanical Gardens. It would make a magnificent museum, and thus fulfil a useful purpose, whereas at present it is merely a rather doleful reminder of a very gloomy episode in the closing years of the unhappy king, who lived here previous to his removal to Windsor. In connexion with Kew it may be observed that, notwithstanding the enormous crowds which flock here on a fine Bank Holiday, scarcely a single instance of drunkenness or misbehaviour has been registered; and it is pleasant to record that the tea-house and refreshment-kiosk, introduced after some demur, have proved very successful.

## THE COMING EGYPTIAN CONVERSION.

SIR EDGAR VINCENT, the Financial Adviser of the Egyptian Government, is now in London for the purpose, as it is understood, of completing the arrangements for the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt. And as soon as the assent of the Powers is obtained it is expected that the operation will be carried through. A firm of solicitors in the City has obtained opinions from Sir Charles Russell and Sir Horace Davey to the effect that the Egyptian Government has not the right to convert without the consent of the bondholders; but the Egyptian Government is advised differently. And we cannot doubt that the advisers of the Egyptian Government are right and Sir Charles Russell and Sir Horace Davey wrong. It may be necessary to remind our readers that in 1876 the credit of Egypt had fallen so very low, that it was feared the Government would have to follow the example of the Porte and repudiate its obligations to its creditors. Meetings of shareholders, in consequence, requested Mr. Goschen and Mr. Joubert to go out to Egypt, and make the best terms possible for the creditors of that country. Those two gentlemen accordingly went out, and the result of their labours was that the then existing loans were consolidated into two stocks—one being a Preference Stock, entitled to 5 per cent. interest, and the other being a Deferred, entitled to 4 per cent. interest. The revenues derived from the Egyptian Railways and the Port of Alexandria were mortgaged for the service of the Preference Debt, and it was provided that, if those revenues should not be sufficient, the revenue set apart for the service of the Unified or Deferred Debt should make up the deficiency. It was further arranged that a sinking fund should be applied to the redemption of the Preference Debt sufficient to pay it off in sixty-five years. And, finally, it was stated in express terms that the annuity necessary for the service of the Preference Debt should remain "in every eventuality" the first liability of the Commission of the Public Debt. The words "in every eventuality," it is argued, debar the Egyptian Government from conversion. But that this really is not so will be seen at once when we state that a subsequent article expressly provides that the Port of Alexandria may be detached from the joint administration as soon as 2,000,000*l.* of Preference Bonds shall have been redeemed or repaid, the Port having been mortgaged for that amount of the bonds. And,

further, the same article stipulates that the railways which were comprised in the guarantee for 15,000,000*l.* in Preference Stock can be redeemed by the redemption or repayment of 15,000,000*l.* of this stock. It is clear, therefore, that the Egyptian Government from the very first contemplated the possibility of paying off the debt. And, in fact, we may add that, at the very time the arrangement was made with Mr. Goschen and M. Joubert, negotiations were going on between the Egyptian Government and European capitalists for the sale to the latter of the Egyptian railways. But the clearest proof that the bondholders did not bargain against redemption or conversion is to be found in the fact that the credit of Egypt was so low at the time that the bondholders would have been only too glad if they could have got back their money. The arrangement was made in 1876, but the Preference Bonds were not actually quoted on the London Stock Exchange till 1877, and in the first year of quotation the highest price of the bonds was only 65, while the lowest was no higher than 44. Can any reasonable man believe that the bondholders would have objected to being paid off at par when the price of their bonds fluctuated between 44 and 65? Evidently the real meaning of the words "in every eventuality," upon which so much stress is now laid, was, that the bondholders distrusted the ex-Khedive and bound him in every way they could devise not to misappropriate the annuity necessary for the service of the debt as long as the debt existed.

The Preference Debt originally amounted to 17 millions sterling, but by the Law of Liquidation it was raised in 1879 to about 22½ millions sterling. Since then the Sinking Fund, as long as it was continued, reduced the debt to about 22¼ millions sterling, at which amount it now stands. It is understood that the Egyptian Government at present contemplates dealing only with the Preference Debt. It had been supposed that it would also convert the Domain and the Daira loans. These two latter loans are secured by mortgages of large landed properties. But if those properties do not yield enough for the service of the two loans, then the deficiency has to be made good out of the revenues of the State. As a matter of fact, the administrations of the two loans are costly and inefficient. They have never raised enough money to defray the service of the two loans, and thus these two loans have been a drain upon the Egyptian treasury. If they could be paid off, the costly and inefficient administrations could be got rid of, the State would be able after a while to sell or let the lands, and the new occupiers would be bound to pay land-tax to the State. There would be thus a double saving. But apparently the Egyptian Government has found such obstacles in the way of dealing with the Daira and Domain loans, that for the moment, at all events, it has decided not to include them in its scheme. It is to be recollected that the administrations of those loans include French as well as English officials, and the unwillingness of the French Government to agree to anything that would lessen the number of French employes in Egypt is well known. It is probably, therefore, a wise decision on the part of the Egyptian Government not to complicate the enterprise by arousing against itself French jealousy and French antagonism. Confining the matter to the Preference Debt, there can hardly be any reasonable doubt that the Powers will give their consent. We have shown above, to the satisfaction of our readers we hope, that the Egyptian Government has the right to convert, that it reserved that right at the time when the Preference Debt was created in its present form, and that the price of Preference Bonds was so low that it could not have been the intention of the bondholders to deprive the Egyptian Government of that right. If this be so, then it is clearly the duty of the Egyptian Government to use its improved credit for the benefit of the taxpayers. And it is as clearly the interest of the Powers to enable it to do so. Our own Government must desire that the Egyptian peasantry should benefit by the improved credit which our occupation of the country has brought with it, and the French Government must desire to hasten the time when the financial position of Egypt will be so good that English interference will be no longer necessary. It seems reasonable, then, to conclude that no serious opposition will be offered by any of the Powers to the proposal of the Egyptian Government to convert its Debt. And, if the Powers give their consent, there can, of course, be no difficulty in carrying out the operation. The Preference Debt, as explained above, has a prior charge upon the revenues allocated to the service of the Unified Debt. About 2¼ millions sterling annually, therefore, must disappear before the interest on the Preference Debt becomes endangered. And clearly, then, the Preference Bonds ought to be worth very much more than the Unified Bonds; or, to put the matter a little differently, an investor ought to be willing to take a much lower interest for his money invested in Preference Bonds than for his money invested in Unified Bonds, because the whole of the interest on the Preference Bonds must be paid before a penny is paid on the Unified Bonds. Now, the price of Unified Bonds was last week as high at one time as 92½, and even this week, just before the Easter holidays, when markets are dull and sluggish, the price has ranged from 91½ to 91¾. On the 1st of May, it is true, a half-year's interest will be paid, and, allowing for this, it may be said roughly that Unified Bonds are now 90, and the Unified Bonds bear only 4 per cent. interest. It seems safe to conclude, therefore, that the Preference Debt can be converted now into a four per cent. stock without giving a very high bonus.

No doubt it will be found expedient to give some bonus. The

amount of the bonus will probably be regulated by the state of the market just before the Conversion Loan is brought out. If the price of Unified should continue to rise, the bonus to be given will naturally be small. If the Unified should remain stationary, the bonus will have to be larger, and if Unified should fall, the bonus would have to be larger still. Assuming that peace is maintained, there seems every reason to expect that the price will continue to rise. It has risen very much already this year in spite of the Paris crisis. The highest point reached last year was only 85½, and last week, as already stated, it was as high as 92½, showing a rise since September last of 6½. If last week's price is maintained, the bonus to be given would probably not exceed 4 or 5 per cent. If the price should rise to 95, the bonus would probably not be more than 3 per cent. The matter is interesting, for the amount of saving by conversion depends upon the amount of bonus that is to be given. If conversion at par could be effected, a reduction of interest by 1 per cent. would save, in round figures, 222,000*l.* On the other hand, if a bonus of 6 per cent. had to be given, the capital of the debt would have to be increased 6 per cent., and consequently the savings would be reduced to about 150,000*l.* a year. The saving by the operation will then be something between 150,000*l.* and 200,000*l.* a year, according to the amount of bonus that is to be given. Even at the last figures it would be a considerable economy, and it would prepare the way for other measures that would likewise benefit the Egyptian taxpayer. For instance, when this conversion is effected, proof will have been given that the credit of Egypt is good enough to borrow at about 4 per cent. It will, therefore, be unreasonable to insist upon her continuing to pay 5 per cent. on the Domain Loan. And thus she will obtain a lever by which she may be able to overcome the opposition of the French Government. The conversion of the Domain Loan would naturally carry with it the conversion of the Daira Loan, and then there would arise the question, How to deal with the holders of pensions? It would render possible another large saving when that matter is arranged. The last important question would be how to deal with the loans now secured upon the Egyptian Tribute? They are real Egyptian loans, inasmuch as they are paid out of revenues raised in Egypt. But the loans themselves were negotiated by the Turkish Government, which received the proceeds. Therefore they could not be dealt with until some arrangement was arrived at between the Turkish and Egyptian Governments, and that can by no means be an easy task. Whether the Egyptian Government has it in contemplation to deal with these Tribute loans we do not presume to say. But it would be a great benefit to Egypt if they could be taken in hand. Probably the Egyptian Government would reply, sufficient for the day is the task thereof; and that, until it has first converted its own Preference, Domain, and Daira Loans, it is too soon to take up loans which went into the pockets of the Sultan, not of the Khedive. That is, no doubt, true; but we are now only desiring to point out how important for Egypt this conversion is, when all the consequences that are likely to follow are taken into consideration.

#### SOME NEW FACES FOR OLD FRIENDS.

THREE of Mr. C. L. Graves's well-known and spirited "Blarney Ballads" have been set to their appropriate tunes by Mr. Villiers Stanford, and excellent songs they make. They are "The Grand Ould Man," "The March of the Man of Hawarden," and "The Wearing of the Blue," the melodies which Mr. Stanford has arranged and edited for them being, of course, "The Shan Van Voght," "The March of the Men of Harlech," and "The Wearing of the Green." Mr. Graves is a somewhat unequal bard, some of his ballads being as good specimens of humorous verse as any published in modern times, while others fall considerably below their level. These three, however, are decidedly favourable specimens, and all have sufficient brightness and go to make them almost sing themselves.

In "The Grand Ould Man" Mr. Graves makes ingenious use of a surprising, but rather effective, failure of the expected rhyme. Here is a good example:—

"And when I've done my chopping,"  
Says the Grand Ould Man;  
"My changing and my chopping,"  
Says the Grand Ould Man;  
"I'm going landlord-popping,  
With my dear friend Colonel Dopping,  
Of course wid empty rifles,"  
Says the Grand Ould Man.

In "The March of the Man of Hawarden" the author reverts to the same alluring topic:—

Man of Hawarden, upward popping,  
Tell again the tale of Dopping!  
Spread it wide, from Wick to Wapping,  
In the richest brogue!  
Stir your stumps a little smarter,  
Scratch the Russ and show the Tartar,  
Hook some fresh-run English martyr—  
"Kilts" are out of vogue.  
See! the tide is flowing, and the leak is blowing;  
Let the wail of Innisfail set Cambria's pulses glowing!  
Prove by clearest demonstration  
Taffy's trifling depredation  
Was the shameless fabrication  
Of some Saxon rogue.



The heroic Mr. W. O'Brien, who has before now inspired some of Mr. Graves's finest efforts, is the hero of "The Wearing of the Blue." The following is apt in itself, and good parody:—

I'm not a dapper dandy, but I've got a tender hide,  
And the touch of stuff that's harsh or rough I never could abide;  
We're the most distressful martyrs that have felt the Saxon scourge,  
For they're tickling us to death in scores wid their sacrilegious serge.

It would not be fair to reproduce more of Mr. Graves's lines; but these extracts are enough to show that, with the advantage of Mr. Stanford's setting, they form a pleasing addition to the existing stock of drawing-room or social-entertainment ditties.

#### "COMETH UP AS A FL-W-R."

HE took the big jump like a squirrel,  
He skimmed the broad brook like a bird;  
It was guineas to groats upon C-r-l;  
Nay, ponies to pence, if preferred.  
No horse in the running beside him  
Stood any more chance than a mule;  
"They say," people said as they eyed him,  
"His name is 'Home Rule.'"

"Is it so, Mr. Fl-w-r?" and around him  
They gathered his "win" to acclaim;  
"Is it so?" so they ventured to sound him  
Concerning his animal's name.  
"Glad indeed should we be if the race hint  
Success to the Gladstonite school."  
And the owner responded complacent  
"His name is 'Home Rule.'"

If a few, disinclined to exult, an  
Incredulous bearing put on,  
And declare that the winner was "Sultan"  
When entered—and till he had won;  
If they swear the new name is delusive,  
And meant a weak public to fool,  
The answer's polite, but conclusive,  
His name is "Home Rule."

But alas! the unfortunate issue!  
The stewards pronounce on the case,  
And discover a positive tissue  
Of errors affecting the race.  
They bid the next horse go up higher,  
Put Fl-w-r on Repentance's stool,  
And disqualify Fl-w-r his flyer—  
Whose name was "Home Rule."

Which things, though the fruit of a frolic,  
A mere Parliamentary spree,  
Have a meaning profoundly symbolic—  
In fact, are an allegorie  
That horse's ambiguous title,  
Ambiguous claims to the pool,  
Recall for historic recital  
Another "Home Rule."

That Bill, with such hopes in it centred;  
That Bill, with such lots in it cast;  
Named falsely, improperly entered,  
Disqualified duly at last.  
Yes! History's record will treasure  
That marvel of impudence cool,  
And the horse will pass off with the measure  
Whose name was "Home Rule."

## REVIEWS.

### OLD SOUTHWARK.\*

IN the preface Mr. Rendle explains the terms of his partnership with Mr. Norman. Mr. Rendle is already well known as a local antiquary, and Mr. Norman, though not so well known, is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. Both have been making collections relating to Southwark, Mr. Rendle in the shape of notes, and Mr. Norman in the shape of prints and sketches, many by his own hand. They have agreed happily together, says Mr. Rendle, who adds modestly, "While I have done little or nothing to help him in his illustrative pictures, he has done a great deal to help me, with many valuable additions, hints, and corrections." Mr. Rendle, whom we may look upon as the author, has already written an account of Southwark, in which, though he betrayed the usual weakness of the local antiquary, and especially of the London local antiquary—namely, an ignorance of early mediæval history—he also showed great skill in seizing and enlarging upon what would interest the general public. In this feat he seems to have succeeded a second time, though he has not made up what

was wanting in his historical knowledge. Here, however, he is only following in the wake of people who ought to know better. In a recently reprinted cyclopædia of universal information an article on the history of London, after taking in a good deal that is fabulous down to the time of the Conquest, skips from 1066 to the time of the Wars of the Roses—skips, that is, just the most interesting and the most important period. It is hardly, therefore, to be expected that Mr. Rendle, though he has lived for years on the spot, and has always showed himself a most acute and accurate observer of the antiquities around him, should escape the pitfalls into which others of greater pretensions have tumbled. We merely note this in passing. We may sum up what we mean in a couple of sentences, and go on to point out the many merits of this beautifully illustrated volume. Mr. Rendle does not know where Southwark is, though he lives in it; he has not a word to say as to boundaries, and the little he says about the early history is founded on a complete misapprehension of the questions involved. The book, however, does not profess to be a history of Southwark, but an expansion of the chapter on old Southwark inns which was an attractive feature of a former work.

The illustrations are chiefly of the kind sometimes described as photomezzotints. They are engravings by a process in facsimile of original drawings. The frontispiece is well chosen for a prominent place in the book, as it is one of the most pleasing of the pictures. It represents the old "George Inn" Yard, 1800, with a traveller of the period sitting rather sadly on her trunk and waiting for the coach or the wagon. The figure is extremely pleasing, and the architectural features of the background are carefully drawn. This view is by Mr. J. R. Weguelin; but there are three other views of the "George"—two by Mr. Jacob Hood and one by Mr. Norman—which are scarcely inferior. Indeed one of them, by Mr. Norman, which shows the south side of the courtyard, with the long row of wooden galleries and balustrades, and floral decorations contrived by some tasteful inhabitant, is almost as pretty. The figures, in particular, are charmingly natural. The gallery of the "White Hart" forms another pretty picture, in which the figures are very prominent. This is also by Mr. Norman; but Mr. Jacob Hood runs it close with his "Central Staircase—'George Inn,'" in which a most graceful female figure is throwing open a door. We cannot, of course, mention all the pictures, but we must single out one more for special praise. It looks like a woodcut, and is drawn by Mr. Norman—"Old Houses in the Yard of the 'White Hart Inn.'" It contains half a dozen most natural and pleasing figures. Altogether the illustrations, some of which are copies of old prints, form a valuable feature of the book.

As we have already hinted, Mr. Rendle does not by any means confine his attention to Southwark, but ranges all along the Bankside, from Bermondsey to the "Dog and Duck." At every place he mentions there is something interesting to learn, if not to see; but the hand of the destroyer has been very heavy on the whole district, and hardly any of the historic inns survive. Mr. Rendle devotes considerable space to each of the two which are most celebrated in our classical literature—the "Tabard," mentioned by Chaucer, and the "White Hart," in which Sam Weller was "boots." Both have gone the way of old inns; but Mr. Norman secured the excellent views we have described of the "White Hart," and views of the "Tabard," or "Talbot," as it was latterly called, are in several public and private collections. Mr. Rendle includes a plan of this famous hostelry. Wherever we dip into these pleasant pages we come upon something entertaining. For example, we are reminded that a Southwark inn—the "Griffin"—was one of the head-quarters of the boxing fraternity. Mr. Rendle knew Jimmy Welsh, who was second to Sayers in his fight with Heenan in 1860, and who kept the "Griffin." "On one of my professional visits," he says, "Mr. Welsh told me, with bated breath, that he expected 'the hero' shortly; would I stay and take champagne with them and Tom Sayers?" Prize-fighters, almost as a matter of course, turned into tavern-keepers, and Mr. Rendle mentions a great many besides Jimmy Welsh. Tom Cribb kept the "Golden Lion" in Southwark. Mr. Rendle says, "As a doctor, I had much very good practice among the publicans. A friend once accosted me with a remark as to my imbibing possibilities. 'I saw you,' he said, 'go into six public-houses, one immediately after the other.' I satisfied him that I was only on my vocation, and did not take their physic as they did mine." This practice enabled Mr. Rendle to see many strange interiors, and to obtain, among other curiosities, "a lot of admission cards to meetings of the Fancy at public-houses." Some of his personal reminiscences are among the most interesting things in the book. Of the "Swan," immediately south of St. George's Church, he says, "attending three generations of one family there, I knew it and the neighbourhood well. More than fifty years since I saw the flogging at cart-tail of an incorrigible youth at slow pace before the 'Swan' along the Dover Road. It was a time of public and savage punishments; I often saw crowds of people passing from all directions towards the hangings at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, at the end of Swan Street, the remains of which still exist."

The "White Hart," where Jack Cade lodged, occupies, of course, a good deal of space in Mr. Rendle's book, and the Anchor Brewery is also fully described; but some of the miscellaneous chapters are the most entertaining. In them the author pours out his notes, the gatherings of years, somewhat confusedly, and with but a slender thread of connexion, but in a manner

\* *The Inns of Old Southwark.* By William Rendle and Philip Norman. London: Longmans & Co.

calculated to attract and retain the reader's attention. He has much to say, for example, about plays at inns, although he has been unable to find a single Southwark inn as the scene of one of these performances. At Southwark Fair, which was finally suppressed in 1763, plays were acted in booths, and Mr. Rendle has much to tell about them. He repeats naturally Dr. Johnson's advertisement of the sale of the Anchor Brewery. They were not there, he said, "to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." This is one version of a famous sentence. It would be interesting to see a copy of the original. It certainly was not "mere rhodomontade," says Mr. Rendell, to which remark of his we may add that neither was it mere rhodomontade; the brewery sold for 135,000*l.*, "the equivalent of a million now perhaps." That it was not too much is proved by the fact that, for 32,000 barrels of beer brewed in 1759, 500,000 were brewed in 1875. Mr. Rendle assumes responsibility for a story which, if we do not mistake, went the round of the newspapers some years ago. "The draymen were in my time," he says, "mostly regular soakers; some more, some less. I attended many of them, notably one gigantic man, for erysipelas, and as it was needful I should know, so as to guide my treatment, how much he took daily, I asked him. 'Why, you see, sir,' said he, 'that I am one of the oldest of the men who go with the drays, and so my journeys are the short ones. I get a little drink at each place (besides what we get at the brewery)—beer, and a drop of gin, or what not.' 'How much altogether?' I asked. 'About three gallons of beer in the day, perhaps, and a little gin now and then besides.' Of course the doctor's difficulty was that this enormous allowance had to be continued during the man's illness, and he eventually recovered. One of the last places Mr. Rendle mentions is the "Falcon," on Bankside. Mr. Norman, his coadjutor, is of opinion that part of the original building is still standing, but disguised, in Holland Street. Although Shakespeare does not mention the "Falcon," he must have sometimes visited it, as "the players were continually passing to and from the Globe and Blackfriars playhouses." The Falcon Iron Foundry, adjoining the inn, is connected with the name of Sir Christopher Wren, who seems to have occasionally resided in a house he built there for the ironmaster, who made the railings for St. Paul's. It was his constant custom each morning to mount to the roof and watch the progress of the Cathedral building. The railings were cast at Lamberhurst, in Sussex, and no doubt brought to the "Falcon" by water, to be finished and mounted. In the archive-room of the Dean and Chapter Mr. Sparrow Simpson discovered the original account-book relating to the ironwork. One item is a sum of 25*l.* 18*s.* for transporting 207 tons of iron from the "Falcon" to St. Paul's. It would be easy to dip further into this closely-packed volume; but we have quoted enough to show its merits, and also, impartially, its faults. It has one great characteristic which should not be overlooked. It is all the result of original research and observation.

#### THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY.\*

IF Mr. Froude had consulted us before he published *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy* we should have referred him for our opinion to a paragraph in Lord Macaulay's essay on Hallam. Lord Macaulay was speaking of the two ways in which history may be regarded—the scientific and the picturesque, and of the occasionally unfortunate fashion in which they are divided. He goes on to give an illustration:—

M. Sismondi publishes a grave and stately history of the Merovingian Kings, very valuable, and a little tedious. He then sends forth as a companion to it a novel, in which he attempts to give a lively representation of characters and manners. This course, as it seems to us, has all the disadvantages of a division of labour, and none of its advantages. We understand the expediency of keeping the functions of cook and coachman distinct. The dinner will be better dressed, and the horses better managed. But where the two are united, as in the *Maitre Jacques* of Molière, we do not see that the matter is much mended by the solemn form with which the pluralist passes from one of his employments to the other.

Now, *mutatis mutandis*, we are afraid that this piece of good-natured "chaff" may be applied to *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*. Mr. Froude has written a history of the English in Ireland in the eighteenth century, very vigorous, and not at all tedious, whatever other faults it may have. He now sends out what he calls an Irish romance of the last century, in which he attempts to give a lively representation of characters and manners. But here, again, we have an example of the disadvantages of an improper division of labour—all that part of the book which is good might have been included in the history; what would have been out of place in the history is not good.

*The Two Chiefs of Dunboy* is, in fact, no romance at all. Mr. Froude has treated the "weak passion of love," which is ever matter of romances, with a contempt worthy of Lord Bacon, and according to the theory, but not the practice, of Corneille. He has left it out. He has taken two episodes of his history—the stories of Sylvester the Scholar, and of the rivalry of Captain Puxley and the O'Sullivan Bere—has thrown them together, and told them over again at length, with the help of much talk. These personages, and the others who appear to support them, are admirable in his history, where they can be drawn in outline, and stand

as types. That they might have been made characters of romance is self-evident. A lesser man than Sir Walter Scott could have made them live—if nature had but endowed him with some share of the romance-writer's faculty. To Mr. Froude nature has given other gifts. He may have "elevated history to the dignity of romance," but that is a very different thing from writing stories. His personages remain mere types, or even only the masks and speaking-trumpets through which he delivers his opinions on Irish characters, the proper way of dealing with Irishmen, and the sins of the English Government towards Ireland. Certainly the book shows that his qualities as a writer are as vigorous as ever they were. Nothing could be more admirable than his passages of action—the escape of Morty's schooner from the *Aeolus* frigate is a piece of sea fighting which Marryat could not have greatly surpassed, and Michael Scott would have signed with joy, the death of Morty O'Sullivan is as well told as it is in the history, and the end of Colonel Goring is vivid. All this is good, but might have been history. It wants the mysterious something which makes romance—the something which is in Mr. Louis Stevenson's story of the escape of Balfour of Shaws and Allen Breck Stewart. Balfour and Allen Breck we know as individuals, not only as typical Lowland and Highland Scotchmen. But we say it again, the personages of Mr. Froude's book are but instruments through which he delivers his well-known and trenchant opinions on Irish history. We have our doubts, too, as regards the accuracy of some of the masks. The Speaker, the Primate, and other minor figures may pass; but as for the two heroes (the two chiefs), they are by no means so acceptable. Colonel Goring, who takes the place of Captain Puxley, is a Cromwellian soldier who strives to reclaim a part of the South of Ireland by means of a militant Protestant colony. Such a man is out of place in such a period. There were religious sailors and soldiers then as there always have been. Colonel Gardiner, who fell at Prestonpans, was much such a man as Goodenough or Hedley Vears. But there is a difference between the gentleman who does his duty to his king and country with an ever-present sense that it is also his duty to his God, and the enthusiast who fights for a cause with the intense conviction that he is the servant of the Lord with the Bible and the sword. It is all the difference between Colonel Gardiner and Ludlow, or Hutchinson, or Hacker. Now Colonel Goring is a great deal too like the enthusiasts of the seventeenth century, and not enough like the pious military gentleman with whom he had served in Scotland. The likeness to Gordon which some have seen does not strike us as obvious. Again, we doubt very strongly whether the Wesleyans whom Colonel Goring collected round him in Bantry Bay were the material out of which to make a militant Protestant colony of the Cromwellian stamp. The Wesleyan was a very different person from the sectary of the New Model army. Morty Oge O'Sullivan is not more credible than Colonel Goring. There are minor difficulties about him. When the story opens he has been fighting in the Austrian service or with the French in the Low Countries. Yet he is a thorough seaman, with a pilot's knowledge of the Irish coast. He cannot have got that while serving on the Danube or in Silesia. But this is a small matter. The fatal defect of the character is that Mr. Froude's Morty Oge is too sane, too fastidious, too high-minded for his part. He is always saying just what Mr. Froude would say about Irish patriots and patriotism—not what any credible human being in his position would say:—

None are braver than we when cows' tails are to be cut off, or the enemies of the country shot from a hiding-place. But to stand up and fight the Saxon in an honourable field as the Scots did with Bruce and Wallace, that is beyond us. And, therefore, we are as we are. No nation ever trusted us that they did not rue the day. . . . If I now tempt the French by false information to send an expedition here, it will end as all such enterprises have ended before. We call ourselves Patriots, and we have not the spirit to face our tyrants like men, &c.

All this is true; but would an Irishman capable of seeing it and saying it have left a good post in Maria Teresa's army to recruit wild geese, to smuggle wool, and murder revenue officers in the south of Ireland? Certainly not. Mr. Froude has possibly wished to be as fair as possible to the enemy, but the wish has caused him to make Morty too fine for his part.

#### KAYE'S INDIAN OFFICERS.\*

THE late Sir John Kaye to personal recollections of early service in the Bengal Artillery added considerable literary ability, and his composition was facilitated by a large store of diaries and manuscript records placed at his disposal by military and civil officers who had borne their share in divers stirring events. When he was not carried away by dreams and theories about the Mutiny and its causes he could write extremely well. And this volume is an example of the ex-Artillery officer almost at his best. We are not told why these *Lives*, originally published two-and-twenty years ago, are now reprinted, nor can we guess who is responsible for the new edition. But, fortunately, there is little to alter or amend. Kaye was not likely to make a hash of names, titles, and places. The early annals of Anglo-Indian society—its debts, gambling, and duels—had always fasci-

\* *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy; or, an Irish Romance of the Last Century.* By J. A. Froude. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

\* *Lives of Indian Officers.* By Sir J. W. Kaye, K.C.S.I. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.



nated him, and the Indian heroes, as he terms them, have, on the whole, been well selected. One incongruous personage in the list is Henry Martyn, a man of great intellectual ability, rigorous self-discipline, and saintly life. But it is not easy to see what he has to do with the diplomatists and administrators who are the main figures in a "biographical history of India from the days of Cornwallis to the days of Canning." He was, no doubt, intended for a missionary; but fate and the patronage of Mr. Charles Grant made him a chaplain of the East India Company. Kaye himself, while justly dwelling on his zeal, piety, and skill shown in translating the Scriptures into the native languages, is compelled to admit that he is to be admired more for what he might have done had he lived than for what he did, and that his career is to be regarded rather as a warning than as an example. It is, in truth, very soon told. He was born somewhere near Redruth, in Cornwall, the son of a miner. He went to Cambridge and became Senior Wrangler. He was much impressed at the University by the teaching and example of Charles Simeon. But he was a man of an extremely sensitive and irritable nature, much given to find snares and pitfalls in ordinary amusements and lawful occupations. His letters to a young lady whom he vainly hoped to make his wife are amongst the most extraordinary specimens of amatory correspondence that we have ever read. It is no wonder that a cautious parent would not allow her daughter to marry a chaplain in hot and distant Bengal, who, after long deliberation, had convinced his own reason of the expediency and almost the necessity of taking to himself a wife. Henry Martyn, it may be recollected, died after a journey to Shiraz, near Tokat, either of the plague or of fever. But the amazing part of this fatal journey is that the high authorities, civil and medical, whom he consulted in Calcutta, allowed him, in the very hottest season of the year, to depart on sick leave to Muscat and Arabia in the "pursuit of health and knowledge." A rough journey through such a country, with the thermometer at 110° and more, alternating with chilly nights, was not precisely the best mode of restoring a weak and worn-out frame to health.

Of the other specimen characters in this volume two are civilians, one is a military officer, and the fourth is an English statesman. We take the latter first. It is not every reader of the American War of Independence who will remember that the soldier who showed more capacity for war than his associates and superiors, and who twice inflicted severe defeats on the rebellious colonists, is the same man who placed the Civil Service of India on the footing which it retains to this day, and who gave to Bengal a Perpetual Settlement of the Land Revenue. In America the name of Cornwallis will be most remembered in connexion with the unfortunate surrender of York Town, and in subsequent English history by the war of pamphlets, in which the responsibility for the operations that led to that surrender is disputed by Cornwallis on the one hand and by Sir Harry Clinton on the other. The truth is that neither nature nor experience had fitted Cornwallis for success at the head of an army. In America he won battles over the American general, Gates, at Camden, and over Morgan at Guilford; but, for some cause or other, he never turned these victories to any account. Practically they were little better than defeats, as far as the ends of a campaign were concerned. They only served to protract an inglorious contest. Similarly in India, in the war of 1790 with Tippoo, Cornwallis invested and captured Bangalore, outgeneralled his opponent, and was yet compelled to retreat from Seringapatam when within ten miles of the place. His return was marked by the almost total loss of his cattle, the destruction of munitions and material, and the burning of carriages which furnished bullocks had not strength enough to drag away. There was better management displayed in the campaign of 1792, when the British army completely invested Seringapatam and compelled its ruler to give hostages for peace. But negotiations not preceded by decisive actions have rarely been permanent in Indian history. It required the genius of Wellesley to take the capital of Mysore and restore the old Hindu dynasty. Cornwallis's solid title to fame rests on his civil and internal reforms. He transformed the servants of the Company from mercantile agents, trading quite as much for their own profit as for their masters' interests, into regular administrators, pure and incorruptible, whose time and energies became the exclusive property of the State. He abolished sinecures and the system of allowing collectors of revenue to contract for the supply of cowries, oranges, lime, elephants, and the like. But he compensated for such restrictions by paying these collectors of revenue at the rate of 4,000*l.* instead of 500*l.* a year. He resisted the importunities of friends in England who were perpetually pestering him with letters of recommendation on behalf of adventurers and candidates outside the regular hierarchy of merchants, factors, and writers. These mercantile designations survived almost to our own times, even when those who bore them were almost universally employed in collecting the public revenue, controlling the police, and trying civil and criminal cases. He enacted for their guidance a code of laws which, though still termed Regulations and occasionally loose in their language, have answered their purpose, and have been the basis of enactments passed by more scientific jurists. His greatest measure was, of course, the Perpetual Settlement of the Revenue, about which a volume might easily be written. That it was passed without any careful estimate of the resources of the country; without any survey of what, for want of a better term, we will call landed estates; on estimates founded on the quinquennial assessments of Hastings

and his predecessor; with only a reservation, on paper, of the rights and interests of tenant-proprietors and cultivators; and on a hasty assumption that the hereditary native collector, or the Raja who was lord paramount over a million of acres, would be easily converted into an improving landlord of the best English type—is all incontrovertible and has been set forth and criticized by scores of able pens. But the security against an increase in the Land-tax led to a rapid reclamation of jungle and swamp, and to a vast increase of population. Pledges in favour of the substantial and proprietary tenant have been since redeemed at intervals by successive Viceroys; and if the Zemindars of Bengal and Behar have often been coerced by energetic magistrates, and are always held to prompt payment of their revenue by hard-hearted collectors, they know their position, they have never countenanced rebellion, and they have been loyal to the State in critical and disturbed times. Nor is it now easy exactly to determine the precise effect of such a measure on the princes and chiefs of other parts of India at that time, and on the regard accorded by natives to British moderation, equity, and good faith. Hitherto, with rare exceptions, conquerors, if they did not harry villages with irregular cavalry and collect their revenues to the sound of cannon, took all they could from the conquered, and gave no pledges to limit themselves and their successors. Here for the first time the successor of Emperors and Nawabs voluntarily bound himself and others to be content with a moderate tax, and to look for his revenue in the increased wealth of the superior landlord, and in the contentment and prosperity of the tenants. In the scanty notices of this Settlement to be found in contemporary journals it is admitted that the Government had in some instances turned the hereditary collectors of revenue into proprietors. One editor was clear-sighted enough to recognize the fact that the peasantry were not employed to cultivate the soil, but were resident on it, and had their vested interests. Politically the Perpetual Settlement a hundred years ago had much to recommend it. Financially, and in the eyes of modern administrators, it may have been a mistake. Lord Cornwallis, having accomplished a great work, left India in 1793, and was so ill advised as to return to the same post twelve years afterwards, at the age of sixty-five. He arrived in Bengal only to die and is buried at Ghazipur, where a monument in the shape of a domed quasi-Grecian building, with a statue by Flaxman, has been erected to his memory. Kaye dwells on his abstinence from pomp and show, on the simplicity of his habits, and on his aversion to what the natives call *tamasha*. It was long a tradition in Calcutta society that

in a one-horse chay  
My Lord Cornwallis drove about—alack and well-a-day!

Few better examples could be found of striplings turned into first-class diplomatists and administrators than we find in Malcolm, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe. Malcolm went out from the wilds of Eskdale as a Madras cadet at the age of fifteen—a robust, healthy, fine-tempered lad. Metcalfe, fresh from Eton, at sixteen found himself a student in Lord Wellesley's college of Fort William. Elphinstone was only a year or so older when he reached India in the administration of Lord Teignmouth. No one, Kaye remarks, then thought of literary examinations or proficiency tests of any kind, yet two of these three men became remarkable for linguistic attainments, classical lore, and skill in composition. There were fine fields at the beginning of this century to make or mar reputations. Malcolm was essentially a diplomatist. He could negotiate with Persian Ministers, cap their amusing stories, and impress them by his good humour, exquisite tact, and commanding presence. He was equally successful in dealing with Mahratta chiefs. He founded a school of Anglo-Indian diplomatists who knew how to treat the Rajput princes with a regard for their traditions and aristocratic feelings. In 1818 Malcolm induced the Peshwa to surrender after a campaign by guaranteeing him the large pension of eighty thousand pounds a year. Kaye is right in saying that the offer of a less sum would not have brought him into our camp and would have prolonged the war. But when the author admits that the Nana of our days had no right to look on this pension as hereditary, he should not charge Lord Dalhousie with showing a want of consideration to the butcher of Cawnpore. At the death of Bajee Rao, the ex-Peshwa, in 1852, the Nana was left in quiet enjoyment of his possessions at Bithur and of nearly a million of property. Elphinstone in civil government was probably more successful than Malcolm. He had not the familiarity with the principles and details of revenue settlements and agricultural life which characterized Munro at Madras and John Lawrence in Upper India. But he never felt any real hindrance from this slight disqualification, nor did he govern less firmly and temperately in quiet times because his early career had been spent in battle-fields and sieges. Very possibly the Duke of Wellington, by whose side he had ridden at Assaye, was not wrong in saying that Elphinstone had mistaken his calling and ought to have been a soldier. But his views on education were in advance of his age, and his policy in regard to the settlement of the revenue, the gradual improvement of justice, and the necessity for making the best of those native institutions which keep society together, was practical, sensible, and sound. And in his official tours, which in the course of eight years took him all over his Presidency, he was not always worrying his Commissioners and collectors with calls for information. He would take a long ride in order to inspect a temple or a ruin, and if game was re-

ported to be plentiful he would proclaim a general holiday and take to the saddle and the spear. Metcalfe in some respects was a contrast to both Elphinstone and Malcolm. He was a very bad horseman, and it must be allowed that in some points his intelligence was at fault. But in the negotiation with Runjit Sing the young civilian of twenty-three gained a success over the experienced soldier and statesman; and Metcalfe's arrangements for the protection of the Sikh States of Pattiala, Jheend, and others on the south of the Sutlej, outlasted the two negotiators, and produced good effects in the Sepoy Mutiny and the capture of Delhi, at a distance of fifty years. It is curious to note the effect which high position and the management of State affairs produced on these three men when they touched on English politics. Malcolm came home, went into Parliament as a strict Conservative, and only left the House when his borough was disfranchised in 1832. Elphinstone, after his retirement in 1827, could not be induced to try for a seat in Parliament, and twice refused the offer of the Governor-Generalship. Metcalfe stands out from his two friends and contemporaries as one who, though "disqualified to be a demagogue and shrinking from public meetings," was ready to welcome, not only the abolition of the Corn-laws and the improvement of the Poor-law, but the ballot and the extension of the suffrage. He acted on these principles when he passed the law establishing the freedom of the Indian press. It had been practically free during the previous administration of Lord William Bentinck, who, when a well-known journalist asked the Governor-General for permission to set up some new paper, snapped his fingers and said that he didn't care a straw what any one published in any language. Perhaps the finest passage in Metcalfe's life is his determined stand against the unjust claims made on the Nizam of Hyderabad by certain interested parties in 1821. A little of Metcalfe's firm determination would have done no harm at Hyderabad a year and a half ago. We do not care to weigh in a balance the relative merits of three really noble characters. Indian students who get hold of this volume may be led to study the fuller biographies of Kaye himself and of Sir Edward Colebrooke. The purely English reader will surely not complain that this single volume is tedious or too long.

#### THE INDUSTRIES OF JAPAN.\*

READERS of Professor Rein's first volume on Japan will naturally expect to find in the present part, which is published as a separate work, the same painstaking thoroughness which characterized the earlier issue. And they will not be disappointed. There have of late years been published numberless works on the separate arts and industries of Japan which have run through the whole gamut between excellence and rubbish; but in no work has any approach been made to the completeness and detailed minuteness which mark the volume before us.

Professor Rein begins by emphasizing the fact that, without exception, Japan owes all its industries to China; not directly—for, for the most part, they filtered through Corea and reached Japan from that country either in company with or at the heels of Buddhism. That the Japanese have improved upon the methods of their instructors cannot be questioned. But still the fact remains that, whether we look to their agriculture, their lacquer work, their ceramics, or their painting, we find that they are but reproductions of Chinese prototypes. The readiness which the Japanese have shown in adopting the manners, customs, and arts of other nations has doubtless laid them open to a charge of undue imitiveness, and certainly the inconsiderate haste with which they have striven to be wise has prejudiced them in the eyes of onlookers. From the time of the introduction of Buddhism in the sixth century to the year 1854 Chinese wisdom and knowledge claimed the attention and admiration of the Japanese. But the conclusion of the foreign treaties opened a completely new horizon to the national eyesight. With comparative ease and apparent indifference they dethroned their Chinese instructors and placed on the empty pedestals the formerly despised apostles of European learning.

In the process of so great a reform it was impossible that mistakes should not be made and extravagances committed, and it is unquestionable that Japan has paid dearly for her experience. Her first railway, which presented no engineering difficulties, cost at the rate of about 34,000*l.* per mile. China, which has proceeded more cautiously and has profited by the plunges of her neighbour, has just completed her first railway, the bill for which amounted to the average of 4,300*l.* per mile. In the same way, the first model farms which were established in hot haste on the American system cost the nation sums of money out of all proportion to the results gained. These farms were intended to serve as experiment-stations and preparatory schools for Yezo; the first for the reception of breeding cattle imported from North America and England and the growing of fodder; the second for the cultivation of vegetables and grain; the third for the introduction of foreign fruit-trees, berry-bushes, and other useful plants. Of the cattle brought at a great cost from the countries named, a considerable number were carried off by disease; the rest were partly lost through unsuitable fodder and insufficient attention. If it cannot be said that every undertaking of the Kaitakushi (Colonial Office) was ill conceived and neglected and came to nothing, it

is, however, true of many. The general opinion of foreigners in Japan was that the results stood in shocking disproportion to the enormous outlay. Vast sums were placed by the Central Government at the disposal of the Kaitakushi. Thus, for example, in 1877 an additional 1,905,666 yen—about 38*c.*,000*l.* It was, indeed, long the goose from which many contrived to pluck a golden feather.

In strict conformity with Chinese theory, agriculture is the most highly esteemed art in Japan, and furnishes the State with the great bulk of the Imperial taxes. At the present time 80 per cent. of the national income is derived from it, and it is therefore upon the farmer that most of the financial pressure which has lately been felt in the country has fallen. At no time is the life of a Japanese farmer an easy one. For the most part, the holdings are rather of the size of market-gardens than of the farms to which we are accustomed, and it is only by unremitting diligence and minute care that the farmer can discharge his liabilities to the State and feed his household. On the other hand, he has certain advantages in his favour. The soil, speaking generally, is decidedly fertile, and the climate is propitious. Rice, which is to the Japanese what wheat is to us, grows luxuriantly, and has the reputation of being the best produced in Eastern Asia. The crops also grow and succeed each other with a rapidity which reminds one of the productiveness of the short Canadian summer. Professor Rein had occasion to traverse the Ōzaka plain on several occasions during the spring and summer of 1875, and these are the results of his observations:—

On April 1 the first rape-blossoms were visible. Barley and wheat had not yet put forth their stalks. . . . On June 3, scarcely nine weeks later, as I again travelled the same road, rape and barley harvest had commenced, and wheat was quickly nearing maturity. Once more, on June 26, three weeks later, I had an opportunity of seeing this fruitful plain and rejoicing in its fine cultivation. What a change had taken place in that short time! Of the winter crops—rape-seed, barley, wheat, peas, broad-beans . . . of all these there is nothing to be seen. The whole wide plain appears as if transformed by magic. Great reaches of it have been levelled, girt about with dikes and ditches, and changed to a marsh. The muddy ground is covered everywhere with rice-plants of a lovely green, out of which, here and there, dry patches with other crops project singly.

Next to rice, silk is the most valuable crop, though the prices now realized in Europe show a curious falling off from those current in the time of the Emperor Aurelian, when silk fetched its weight in gold, or even in the time of James I., when a pair of silk stockings was not to be found in the wardrobe of that sovereign. Pulse and beans are also largely grown, and in speaking of them Professor Rein incidentally suggests a derivation of the word "soy," which has always been a crux to etymologists. In Japanese the condiment is known as Shōyū, or Soja, and hence the English name. This derivation is, doubtless, correct. But Professor Rein has much to say about it besides this. He describes its preparation in detail, even to the process suggested by the proverb that "The more rats find their death in the Shōyū, the better the brew."

But the excellence which marks the grain and pulse crops is denied to the fruits, which are poor and insipid. And it is a remarkable feature of the Japanese character that they devote far more attention and care to the production of flowers than they do to the cultivation of fruit. There is no reason why, if they chose to take as much trouble to bring grapes and plums to perfection as they do to develop the beauties of chrysanthemums and roses, they should not get well-flavoured results. But they prefer to feed the eyes rather than the palate, and to feast on the beauty of their gardens rather than on the fruits of their orchards. The same devotion and skill which characterize Japanese agriculture and horticulture are conspicuous in all their arts. Of painting Professor Rein says nothing—he probably thinks that enough has been written about it already—but with all the other best known industries he deals at considerable length. Lacquer-work, paper, swords, mirrors, porcelain, and pottery, all receive the thorough treatment which is observable in the other portion of his work. His account of the manufacture of swords is particularly interesting, and explains the difficulty which must have occurred to all who have observed Japanese swords, of how the hard steel of the edge is combined with the soft elastic iron of the back.

The tempering of the edge [he tells us] is carefully done in the charcoal furnace, the softer backs and the sides being surrounded up to a certain point with fine clay, so that only the edge remains outside. The cooling takes place in cold water. It is in this way that the steeled edge may be distinguished clearly from the back, by its colour and lustre.

The ornamentation of the hilts and guards is a comparatively modern art, and dates no further back than the end of the fifteenth century.

In all metal-work the Japanese show a remarkable proficiency, and their bronze mirrors, no less than their swords, are miracles of skill both as regards adornment and efficiency. With regard to one kind of mirror, however, they fall short of their Chinese instructors. Early travellers in China were amazed at observing that certain opaque metal Chinese mirrors possessed the quality of reflecting from their polished faces the patterns embossed on their backs. As the observers were unable to learn from the natives the secret of this strange phenomenon, they indulged in surmises as to the means by which it was produced. Some were of opinion that the effect was obtained by fusing the metals employed, while others thought that the secret lay in the skilful variation of the density of the mirror. And even now a certain obscurity enshrouds the process pursued. It is said that the art of producing them has been lost in China, and the Japanese imitators can only give us a very uncertain clue to the mystery.

\* *The Industries of Japan; together with an Account of its Agriculture, Forestry, Arts, and Commerce.* From Travels and Researches undertaken at the cost of the Prussian Government. By J. J. Rein. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.



That they manufacture them is true, but it is also true that the workman can be no more sure of imparting this mysterious quality than a gardener can be of reproducing phenomenal colours in geraniums and asters. The peculiar property is accidental, and, so far as investigation has as yet gone, it appears to result from "the unevenness in the convex arching which the reflecting surface receives in polishing, in consequence of the uneven pressure from the back." But it is certainly remarkable, and is well worthy the attention of scientific metallurgists.

Professor Rein brings his most interesting and important work to a conclusion with a chapter on the trade and commerce of Japan. It is beyond question that no country in the world can show such a record of rapid, and at the same time such substantial, progress as that Empire. The people appear to possess an instinctive appreciation of all methods by which they may advance the greatness as well as the prosperity of their country. At one bound they leapt from a state of feudalism, such as existed in this country up to the thirteenth century, to a constitutional system of government similar to that which has been developed among ourselves only during the last sixty years. Modern inventions, which have been with us the results of continuous growth, were accepted by them in exchange for the semi-barbarous appliances of which alone they had any previous knowledge. And the most approved weapons of defence were, for the preservation of their country, eagerly adopted in place of antiquated missiles which would have found appropriate use in Falstaff's ragged regiment. Having made these surprising efforts and achieved these great successes, the Government considers that it has a right to demand from the Treaty Powers an acknowledgment of its exertions and an endorsement of the results it has obtained. The extra-territoriality clauses of the treaties are to the Japanese as galling insinuations that their newly-acquired civilization is but skin-deep, and that they are no more to be trusted with jurisdiction over Europeans than a cat which has for some months been fed on artificial food is to be relied upon in the presence of a mouse. Within the last few days it has been said that the Japanese have concluded a treaty with America in which jurisdiction over foreigners has been ceded to them. If this be so, the other Treaty Powers will certainly have to follow suit, and Japan will have arrived at that dignity to which Professor Rein considers her enlightenment entitles her.

#### DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XVIII.\*

OPENING this book at a venture—or "at adventure," as Dr. Murray would have us say—the name we light upon is that of Faraday. The chance selection is no bad one, for the twelve pages under that heading, which have Professor Tyndall for their author, make up perhaps the most important article in the volume. It is interesting, not merely as an account of Faraday's life-work in natural philosophy, but also as a bright and attractive piece of biography. At the beginning, indeed, where the Faraday family and their religious views are treated of, there is an annoying inconsequentiality which suggests that some connecting sentence has been left out; but happily this does not continue. The history of Faraday's early life is an excellent illustration of "self-help" under difficulties. How he began as errand-boy to a bookbinder and stationer, and in that capacity conducted himself in such an exemplary manner that his master took him as an apprentice without fee; how he educated himself by hearing shilling lectures on natural philosophy, and by Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations on Chemistry*; how he made himself known to Davy, and became his laboratory assistant, discharging also other functions, notably that of gun-loader when Davy went out shooting with De la Rive (father of the electrician); how Lady Davy sat upon and snubbed him, to the scandalizing of De la Rive—all this is well told. It is pleasant to learn that "Faraday always entertained a grateful remembrance of the kindness and consideration shown him by the elder De la Rive when he was a mere *garçon de laboratoire*." Pleasant, too, is the account of his love-making, and of his entry, in the book containing his diplomas, of the date of his marriage, with the comment, "Amongst these records of events I here insert the date of one which, as a source of honour and happiness, far exceeds all the rest." Faraday, like most of his kindred, belonged to what he himself described as "a very small and despised sect of Christians, known—if known at all—as Sandemanians." With regard to his religious opinions, Professor Tyndall writes:—

His faith never wavered; but remained to the end as fresh as when in 1821 he made his "confession of sin and profession of faith." . . . . He made a strict severance of his religion from his science. Man could not, by reasoning, find out God. He believed in a direct communion between God and the human soul, and these whisperings and monitions of the Divinity were in his view qualitatively different from the data of science.

Another interesting article is that by Miss A. M. Clerke, on the self-taught peasant astronomer, James Ferguson. Among political biographies we note that of the late Henry Fawcett by the editor, who, having already written Fawcett's life on a larger scale, was well qualified for his task. Mr. Leslie Stephen undertakes another important subject in a different line—Fielding, the novelist. Along with him he deals with two lesser Fieldings, the first being the novelist's blind half-brother, Sir John Fielding,

who is said to have known "more than three thousand thieves by their voices." Sir John, like his more famous brother, was an energetic magistrate; and, according to a writer here quoted, "though stark blind, and of no great reputation as to strict integrity, was generally esteemed a very useful member of society." Few people probably remember that the author of *Tom Jones* had a sister, Sarah Fielding, who wrote novels. In 1756 Richardson reported to her that a "critical judge of writing" (who Mr. Stephen suggests may have been Johnson) had remarked that her late brother's knowledge of the human heart was to hers as the knowledge of the outside of a clock to the knowledge of its "finer springs and movements of the inside." This must have been very gratifying to Miss Sarah Fielding; but somehow posterity has chosen to forget her and to remember her brother. Besides Fieldings there are Feildings—everybody knows how Henry Fielding accounted for his deviation from the aristocratic arrangement of the vowels by saying that his branch of the family had been the first to learn to spell. To the unlearned branch is assigned "Beau" Feilding, a remarkably disreputable specimen of the race of beaux—a rake of the Restoration school, who lived on into the days of good Queen Anne. One of Macaulay's *Essays* embalms the memory of "that worthless fop, Beau Feilding" (so spelled), with whom the Duchess of Cleveland—Charles II.'s and Wycherley's Duchess—allied herself in marriage "when a great-grandmother." To add to the peculiarities of the proceeding, it was bigamy on the part of Beau Feilding; for, only sixteen days previously, being lured by the hope of retrieving his broken fortunes, he had taken to wife one Mary Wadsworth, who had been passed off upon him in the character of Mrs. Deleau, a widow with 60,000*l.* "He appears to have bullied or beaten both his wives." He was prosecuted for and convicted of bigamy, but got what was practically a pardon, and seems eventually to have reconciled himself to Mary Wadsworth, to whom he left by will his property at Lutterworth. Out of general interest, we suppose, in all Feildings and Fieldings, Mr. Stephen has, to judge by his many references, taken great pains with this unattractive reprobate. It may be noted that Beau Feilding was a pervert to Rome, that he followed King James to Ireland, and sat for Gowran in the Irish Parliament of 1689. Another of King James's shady converts or perverts was Anthony Farmer, whom the King tried to force as President upon the Fellows of Magdalen, but whom even Lord Chancellor Jeffreys thought too bad for the place. After Jeffreys had pronounced that "the Court looked upon him as a very bad man," Farmer fades out of history so completely that the industry of his biographer, Mr. Lee, has failed to find anything further about him. As we have got among the bad people, we may mention Fauntleroy, the banker and forger, who was hanged in 1824, and Elizabeth Fenning, though we may be doing an injustice to her in assuming her criminality. She was hanged in 1815, on overwhelming evidence of having put arsenic into yeast dumplings with intent to murder; but popular opinion went largely in favour of her innocence, which she asserted with striking solemnity on the very scaffold. Her case, as her biographer, Mr. Vian, observes, "is remarkable, as showing how powerful is a steady and consistent declaration of innocence on the part of a criminal to produce a general belief in it." Then there are Guy Fawkes, and the assassin Felton, whom, as they both acted from political motives, it would, we presume, be improper for us to name in the same breath with "ordinary criminals." Guy Fawkes's parents, we learn from Mr. Lee, were unquestionably Protestants, being known to have been regular communicants at St. Michael-le-Belfrey at York, "and it is a fair inference that Guy was brought up in their belief." But he was a child when his father died; and by his mother's second marriage with Dionis Baynbridge of Scotton, the youthful Fawkes was thrown into Roman Catholic society and under Roman Catholic influences. The result was that he became a zealous Roman Catholic, fought for the Spaniards, and finally blossomed into the gunpowder conspirator. Otherwise, no particular harm appears to be known of him. On the whole, there is more temptation to feel a regard for the Papist Fawkes, to whom no personal motives are imputed, than for the Puritan Felton, whose sense of the public wrong wrought by his victim Buckingham was sharpened by a long-nursed private grievance.

Almost at the beginning of the volume there is a batch of twenty-three Ethel- or Æthel-names—all by Mr. Hunt, excepting only Canon Venables's biography of Saint Etheldreda. We suppose that it is by an afterthought that Æthelstan, ealdorman of East-Anglia, comes into this volume under *Ethel*, while his namesake King Æthelstan has long ago appeared in the second volume under *Athel*. The article on King Æthelred II. contains some interesting remarks upon the first payment to the Danes, upon the massacre of Saint Brice, and upon that assessment for the fleet which, six hundred years later, was cited as a precedent for Charles I.'s ship-money. The biography of King Æthelwulf introduces the vexed question of that mysterious donation which a bygone school of historians looked upon as the origin of tithes in England. What is now supposed to have been the effect of Æthelwulf's grant, or grants, may be learned from Mr. Hunt. Students of English Church history will be interested in the biography of Bishop Æthelwold, the ally of Dunstan and the reformer of monasticism. For Celtic hagiologists there is a sufficiency of Irish saints, among them Fiachrach, better known as Fiacre, whose name is

\* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XVIII. *Eddaile—Finan*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

perpetuated in connexion with French hackney-carriages—the original *fiacres* of the seventeenth century being kept on hire at the Hôtel Saint-Fiacre in Paris. Readers of *John Inglesant* will turn to Canon Creighton's account of Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding, who probably would have been canonized if he had "flourished" in the seventh instead of the seventeenth century. Another worthy of the Anglican Church is John Evelyn, whose life Mr. Stephen has undertaken, as a refreshing change, we suppose, from scamps like Etherege and Beau Feilding. Mr. Stephen writes with full appreciation of Evelyn's merits, but justly remarks that, during the Civil War and Commonwealth period, Evelyn's zeal as a Royalist "had been tempered by caution."

The Dictionary commemorates some fifty bearers of the name of Evans, many of them of a Welsh Dissenting and bardic turn, with a solitary Jesuit among them. By far the most interesting of the clan is the gallant Sir De Lacy Evans, as he was styled, regardless of the fact that his first name was George. Politically he was the beloved of Radical Westminster, which for him heartlessly jilted Hobhouse; as a soldier his long military career ranged over the period from 1807, when he served against the Pindaris, to the Crimean War, and included pretty nearly all the fighting that went on between those dates. The tale of his battles and of the horses—a matter of half-a-dozen—that he had killed under him, is duly recorded in the biography which Mr. H. M. Stephens has given of this fine specimen of a well-marked, though never very numerous, species, the military Radical. A soldier of earlier days, but of somewhat similar political tendencies, Fairfax, is the subject of an elaborate biography by Mr. C. H. Firth. Mr. Lee supplies a good article upon a yet earlier warrior, Sir John Fastolf, winner of "the Battle of the Herrings" in 1429, and in private life a decidedly cantankerous personage, whose inappropriate fate it has been to get mixed up with Sir John Falstaff. Mr. Knight's account of the actor Fechter is a good specimen of the theatrical biographies; and among articles of recent interest we may mention Mr. Kent's notice of the novelist Fergus, better known by the name of "Hugh Conway," which he took in memory of his school frigate, the *Conway*. "The infinitely little" has not altogether been kept out of this volume. Mr. Edwin Wilkins Field, "law reformer and amateur artist," and by profession solicitor, merited a notice, but hardly one so minute as to inform us that "He had thoughts of beginning business in Warwick." Vague fine writing should also be put under ban. Our eye is caught by the statement that "all his [Field's] ideals were high; and his pace and force were tremendous." This would be interesting information if it referred to his swimming—he was a great swimmer, and perished honourably in the effort to save a less capable companion from drowning. But it is intended to convey an idea of his mental qualities, and what it means we should think neither the writer nor anybody else knows. The article on Sir Robert Townsend Farquhar, sometime governor of Mauritius, is an example of the perfunctory style of work, for which obituary notices in the *Annual Register* and the *Gentleman's Magazine* are accepted as sufficient materials. We are told that "During his stay in the Mauritius, Farquhar made determined and successful efforts to grapple with the evils of the slave trade," and more to the same effect. This may all be true, but it should not have been allowed to stand alone without a word of reference to a passage in Lord Albemarle's *Fifty Years of My Life*, which throws a lurid light (as the novelists say) upon Farquhar's anti-slave-trade zeal, and, in short, amounts to an assertion that, in relation to slave-trading and slavery, Farquhar was an unmitigated humbug. Lord Albemarle may be doing Farquhar an injustice—that is another matter; but in a work of reference it was clearly the biographer's duty to notice, be it in belief or disbelief, acceptance or refutation, charges thus distinctly brought.

We have reserved a story to conclude with. It will not appeal to the sympathies of teetotallers; but it is a quaint revelation of the mind of a Scottish lawyer of the old *Guy Mannering* school—George Fergusson, Lord Hermand, who died in 1827:—

Hermand had great compassion for those who were unable to indulge in the pleasures of an old Scotch drinking, and an equal contempt for those who could but would not. In his eyes drinking was a virtue, and productive of virtuous actions. In a certain case where he considered discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, Hermand, who was vehement for transportation, is said to have delivered himself thus:—"We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! and yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my lairds, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"

#### THE RAILWAYS OF ENGLAND.\*

IN the dedication of his book "as a tribute, not only of gratitude, but of sincere admiration," "to the three hundred thousand servants of the public who are at work by night as well as by day, in fog as well as in sunshine, upon the railways of England," Mr. Acworth strikes a note of genuine enthusiasm,

\* *The Railways of England:—North-Western; Midland; Great Northern; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln; North-Eastern; South-Western; Great Western; Great Eastern; Brighton and South Coast; Chatham and Dover; South-Eastern.* By W. M. Acworth. With 56 Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1889.

which is well maintained from the first page to the last. The author is thoroughly in love with his subject, and nothing less will content him than that the reader should find his heart warm to it too. His own interest never flags, and he writes as one determined, not only to catch our attention, but to hold it. And it must be admitted that he succeeds. It would be hard to find a dull page in this attractive book, or to put it down before one has read to the end. The author's enthusiasm is catching. No one, surely, save a confirmed cynic or chronic railway grumbler can help feeling something like a thrill of patriotic pride as he reads this account of what our English railways are and what they do. Most people know very little about railways. They may travel every day, but they do not observe, and they steel themselves against all impressions, for the sake of shutting out those that are disagreeable. They have reason; for, after all, it is the most unpleasant impressions of the railway that are the most insistent. Stage-coach passengers must have had their times of tribulation, more acute, doubtless, than any that now beset even the Bank Holiday excursionist by rail; but the miseries of the road were forgotten in moments of expansiveness when travelling was found to be a positive joy. The best of railway services, however, can scarcely be said to be productive of active delight at any time; while even the best does occasion some discomfort now and then; and so we are apt to find ourselves forgetting the dull uniformity of usual excellence and dwelling only on the things that are unpleasant enough to be noticed and recalled. It will do the casual grumbler good to be taken behind the scenes by Mr. Acworth, and to have his imagination stirred by a sight of the mechanism of the vast railway stage. He will learn something of the splendid organizing power, reaching in some cases the level of positive genius, the ingenuity, the skill, the readiness, and, above all, the fidelity in discharging monotonous tasks that are irksome when they are not dangerous, which must be exercised from hour to hour, and often from minute to minute, not by one man but by thousands, in providing him with the service it is so easy to criticize. But the casual grumbler deserves a word of acknowledgment. The managers of competing lines know the force of his complaints too well to treat him lightly. His exactions are a spur, making perfection not so much a counsel as a command. And improvement does, in fact, go on apace. One of the most remarkable things in railway management is the fact, of which these pages furnish many instances, that managers and superintendents whose hands are full of routine work that never knows a pause, and to whom there is an obvious inducement to keep things as they are, do not content themselves with holding fast what is good, but are ready to expend infinite ingenuity and pains in quest of what is better. No one who has studied the subject will deny that there has been, in the last score of years or less, so much advance in the efficiency of English railways as to amount almost to a revolution, in such points as speed, frequency and punctuality of service, safety, and the comfort of passengers. Any one who wants to have a good notion of what this progress is, and how it has come about, will do well to read Mr. Acworth's book.

It opens with a lively sketch of the early history of railways in England—a twice-told tale, no doubt, but one that will bear telling again. A notable feature of those days, as the author remarks, was the entire unconsciousness on the part even of the railway men themselves of the revolution they were working and of the conditions of success. It may have been an outsider who seriously proposed and patented a plan of making the rails hollow and filling them with hot water in winter to get rid of snow, but it was a locomotive engineer who invented a manumotive carriage which was to "effect a considerable saving to the Company in the expense of running an engine." Mr. Cooke, famous as the associate of Wheatstone in the invention of the telegraph, and practised in the working of railways, denounced turn-tables, double ways, and signals, and proposed that, "to save expensive stations and prevent impatience when a train is late, a bell might be rung for some time before the arrival of a train, to publish to the neighbourhood its gradual approach." Some, too, were a little sanguine. At the first general meeting of the Eastern Counties line in 1836 the spirit of prophecy came to a certain Mr. Evans, who said:—"If this line fails in producing a dividend of 22 per cent., then I must say human calculations and expectations can no longer be depended upon. Should I live to see the completion of this and similar undertakings, I do believe I shall live to see misery almost banished from the earth." It was the same line that was described fifteen years later as "the scapegoat of Companies, the pariah of railways," and it was of it that Thackeray said, "Even an Eastern Counties train comes in at last." We are told how the *Railway Times* argued against seats in third-class carriages, because "on a short line little physical inconvenience can result from their absence"; and how, when a shareholder pleaded that third-class trains might have a greater speed than ten miles an hour, he was met by the objection that passengers in third class carriages would not be able to endure the exposure to the weather if they travelled more rapidly. Even the Board of Trade questioned whether the interests of railway proprietors would ever lead them to encourage third-class traffic. This was certainly their own view of their interests in 1841; for when the third-class carriages were covered in and furnished with seats, and it was found that "certain persons of superior positions" were mean enough to use them instead of paying first- or second-class fare,



the indignant Companies invented "artificial inconveniences." One of the most effective of these was the "soot-bag system," which the Manchester and Leeds Railway worked by hiring sweeps to shake out their bags in compartments occupied by the superior persons. So stringent on some lines were the rules against smoking that on one occasion an old gentleman successfully sued the Company for damages for permitting, not a smoker, but a smell of smoke, in the train. The Great Western disciplined its passengers with some rigour; every one had his fixed and numbered seat, and a writer to the *Times* complains that he was refused a ticket at Paddington because he came in only four minutes before the advertised time of starting. Another makes the same complaint from Brighton, "with the additional aggravation that the officials acknowledged that he really would have been in time, only that their clocks were wrong." Accidents were so common that it is no wonder the Queen would not consent to make a railway trip till 1842, and that the Prince Consort was heard to say in getting off at Paddington, "Not quite so fast next time, Mr. Conductor, if you please."

Mr. Acworth confines his attention to the railways that have their terminus in London. He attempts no full statistical account of each, but selects the salient features, and describes these in an interesting way. He knows his subject extraordinarily well, and seems equally at home in its economic and engineering aspects, having evidently had exceptionally free access to the inner chambers of railway management. He has a bright, easy style, and a pleasant art of disguising solid information so that the general reader may find it neither unpalatable nor indigestible. He has something good to say, and not much ill, of every railway that he passes under review; for he follows the sensible rule of choosing for notice those points which are best in every case. It is the London and North-Western that he takes up first, with its 60,000 servants and its 10,000,000*l.* of revenue; with its Crewe works, where its 6,000 workmen are turning out a new locomotive every five days; where they make everything, from steel ingots for rails and boiler-plates to artificial limbs for the men who lose their own in the service of the Company; with its unrivalled service of expresses for passengers and mails. He takes us to Euston at five in the morning to see the first of the series set out—the newspaper train, with its sorting vans, in which the bundles of papers that have been thrown in hot from the press are opened and made up into parcels as the train speeds northwards; and again in the evening when the Scotch and Irish expresses are being sent off in bewildering succession. We travel north with him, by special permit, in the 8.30 postal train—"the only mail train, pure and simple, in the world"—with its half-dozen Post-Office vans for receiving and sorting letters and parcels; in one of which works the apparatus by which bags of letters are picked up or dropped as the train flies past. We see how the sorters are kept busy by the never-ending stream; how by the time the "Wild Irishman," which has had ten minutes start of us, is caught up at Crewe, the Irish bags are ready to be transferred to it, while the Birmingham bags, which it has brought on from Stafford, are taken in, and the letters we have picked up for London and the South are put out, to be called for by the up mail in an hour.

Then to see something of what goods traffic means, we are taken to the London Road Station at Manchester—not the one most travellers know, but the goods station, whose existence beneath their feet few of them even suspect—and then to Broad Street, and to Edgell Station, at Liverpool—a goods "yard" which contains 57½ miles of line, and cost about two millions sterling—where we are made to understand how the waggons are "sorted" and "marshalled" into trains by aid of gravitation. The author describes very clearly the "gridirons" on which this is done, the diagrams by which the train service on any section of a railway is exhibited to the superintendent's eye, the interlocking of points and signals, the block system, and many other rather intricate technical matters. Compound locomotives, electric lighting of trains, the use of liquid fuel, and so forth, are duly noticed. Mineral traffic is especially referred to in connexion with the Midland; and the Great Northern naturally leads to a long discussion of the question of railway speed. Time was when the fastest train in the world was the "Dutchman," with its 53½ miles per hour from Paddington to Swindon. But the pace on the Great Northern from Grantham to London is 54, and in the great race to the North last year, the West Coast line did its 400 miles to Edinburgh at a mean rate of 56½ miles per hour, and the East Coast covered nearly the same distance at a trifle over 57. These are the greatest speeds that have ever been achieved on a long run with a heavy train, but it is no uncommon thing for a very fast express to run a short distance downhill at the rate of 70 or even 75 miles per hour. Single locomotives have run at 80 miles per hour, but there is no authentic record of a greater speed than that. The author draws a sharp contrast between English and Continental practice in the matter of speed, by pointing out that the Brindisi train carries our Indian letters at the modest rate of just 26 miles an hour throughout. The *train de luxe*, which is the best Continental long-distance express, is much better; it keeps up nearly 43 miles an hour from Paris to Bordeaux.

One learns from Mr. Acworth many curious and out-of-the-way things about the supply of the London market, such as that the Penzance mail occasionally brings up 12 tons of narcissus from Scilly to Covent Garden in a single consignment, that Burton sends up its three beer trains a day, and that, leaving

Carlisle at 8.51 P.M., the "Scotch Fish and Meat"—a purely goods train going at express speed—holds its place nightly behind the up "limited," and is discharging its cargo at Broad Street for Billingsgate and Smithfield by the time the Scotch letters reach Euston. Space fails us to follow Mr. Acworth in his story of the other railways; it is enough to say that the reader will get a vast amount of interesting information and not a little amusement from every chapter of this eminently readable book.

#### ALBERUNI'S INDIA.\*

GIBBON in one of the pithy footnotes to his *History* speaks of Sir William Jones as perhaps the only lawyer equally conversant with the year-books of Westminster, the commentaries of Ulpian, the Attic pleadings of Isæus, and the sentences of Arabian and Persian Cadis. It is not very difficult to conceive what the historian would have said of a Mohammedan writer who was not content with mastering his own Arabic literature, but was conversant with the writings of Plato and Greek poets and philosophers, and who had studied Sanskrit manuscripts on law, theology, and poetry. Such a one was the learned Abu-Raihan Muhammad Ibn Ahmad Alberuni or Al Biruni. He was a native of Khwarizm or Chorasnia, and flourished in the age of Mahmud of Ghazni and his successor. We know very little of Al Biruni except from his own work, but there is quite enough in it to reveal the author as one of the most enlightened and intellectual of Moslems of any country or age. For some reason or other he determined to know what Hindus were like in their bazaars, at their capitals, and on the very edge of their jungles; what their sages had thought and written about the origin of matter, the heavenly bodies, the duration of time, and the revolutions of the seasons; what festivals these strange heathens kept, what they ate, when they fasted, and at what shrines they performed penances. In short, he seems to have reasoned like Aristotle and to have travelled like Herodotus. The learned translator of this work is perplexed with endeavours to account for the apparent ease and freedom with which this inquiring Mussulman was allowed to visit Upper India, to hold converse with the pundits of Kanouj and possibly of Benares, and to fill his tablets with an enormous mass of information on subjects which for the last century have had a fascination for English and German scholars of the first rank. Dr. Sachau credits Alberuni with sympathy for the Hindus, who had suffered from the raids of Mahmud the Ghasnivide, and even imagines that he may have been detained as a hostage or political prisoner, and allowed to ramble about the country on a sort of parole. This assumption is wholly unnecessary, and quite foreign to what we know of the character of Hindu Rajas then and since. These potentates and their learned men have never shown anything of that bitter, intolerant, exclusive feeling which compelled M. Vambéry in Bokhara to write all his memoranda in secret and in dread of discovery, under the searching glances of a Mulla or a Moulavi. If a *Mlechha*, such as Alberuni or Megasthenes, did not want to read the Vedas on unlawful days, the most venerable pundit would be quite ready to enlighten either of them on the mysteries of Hindu philosophy, the doctrine of transmigration, and the Institutes of Manu. And most certainly there never was a traveller who made more use of his opportunities or who was a greater adept at picking the brains of his informants. The origin of all things from the egg of Brahma, the cosmogony and the geography of the Hindus, which, as Macaulay said, would excite to laughter the girls in a boarding-school; the four ages with their successive periods, to be counted by billions and trillions of figures; the distances of the planets from the earth and from each other; the duties of Brahmans from the stage of the Brahmachari or student to that of the Sannyasi; the divisions of the several castes, the ceremonies of marriage, burial or cremation, and purification; the more prosaic subjects of the courses of great rivers and the situation of renowned marts; the devolution of property and the laws of inheritance; the traditions of the famous war between the Pandus and the Kurus; the distribution of alms and the ascent of the funeral pyre by the widow, with a score of other topics, seem to have been studied by Alberuni with a zest, with a fulness, and a minuteness of detail, which in an age, climate, and country not favourable to mechanical composition and with liability to interruption, loss, and accidents, are truly marvellous. Add to this that all this multifarious Eastern knowledge is diversified by quotations from Homer, the *Phædo* and the *Timeus* of Plato, the poem of Aratus, who it is well known was quoted by St. Paul; Galen, Ammonius, and a number of obscure and forgotten Greeks. Dr. Sachau has taken an infinity of trouble to verify these quotations, to supply what is missing, and to unravel what is perplexed. He has very judiciously avoided footnotes in his text, and has relegated all his annotations to the appendix of the second volume. In a few instances it is clear that Alberuni had access to some translation or manuscript

\* *Alberuni's India: an Account of the Religion, Philosophy, Literature, Geography, Chronology, Astronomy, Customs, Laws, and Astrology of India about A.D. 1030.* An English edition, with Notes and Indices, by Dr. Edward C. Sachau, Professor in the Royal University of Berlin, and Principal in the Seminary for Oriental Languages, Member of the Royal Academy of Berlin, and Corresponding Member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, &c. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

of Greek authors other than what has come down to us, or that he was assisted by commentaries that have perished. And it is possible in some instances that he misread his text-books. But the wonder is, not that he may have been led into errors, but that he has recorded so much that has been confirmed by modern scholarship and research. We know little of the adventures of the Greek traveller Megasthenes, except at second hand and filtered through later writers, and it would be absurd to compare our own early explorers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with Alberuni. Our pioneers were often illiterate merchants who thought more of trade routes than of the Shastras; and they blundered egregiously in names, castes, titles, and places. The Mohammedan philosopher spent some years in different parts of North-Western India, and it is obvious that he must have made no inconsiderable progress in the Sanskrit language, as well as in the vernacular of the people, whether Pracrit or, what is more likely, Hindi. Dr. Sachau shows a praiseworthy desire to make this work a help to students and acceptable to the reading public. His own translation into English is distinguished by an ease, correctness, and mastery of our idioms not often found in a foreigner. And, if there is anything wanting to make the work complete, it is that sojourn of a year or two in India which enables an historical inquirer to discern how far the Hindu of to-day has varied from the faith and has abandoned the customs which prevailed before the Mussulman invader had set up his standard in the Doab of Hindustan.

Without attempting to reconcile the discrepancies of Hindu chronologists, and the version of the philosophical poem of the Bhagavad-Gita or Divine Song, as given by Alberuni, with the best edition of German scholars, we shall devote the remainder of this review to show the spirit in which the author set about his inquiries, and the light in which he viewed the social customs of Hindus. In the first place, for a true believer and a hater of idolatry he was singularly tolerant and fair. He is not always sending the infidel dogs to *Jehennum* and longing to smash grotesque and misshapen images of superstition. God is the one God and Mohammed is his prophet. But the Hindu sage was a seeker after truth. Alberuni can also admire the beauty and the majesty of the Christian religion. But, full as he is of the narrative of the Pentateuch and the noble sentiments of Plato, he is always ready to meet Hindu philosophers on their own ground and on the "basis of their own civilization." He had no great admiration for the Sanskrit *sloka* or couplet. The Hindus were much too fond of writing learned treatises in metre and of reading them out aloud. Their style was verbose and affected, which is true enough, though nothing can be more terse occasionally than some of the Sanskrit *slokes* of the earlier writers. Then the Hindus are very arbitrary in their enumeration of things, and they invent numbers, and "who is to control them?" Caste evidently puzzled this philosopher. We Muslims, he says, consider all men as equal except in the matter of piety. The division of the community into different sections was, he thought, a device of ancient kings who wished to perpetuate their own rule by stereotyping some national divisions of trade and handicraft and introducing others. Some of the Hindu customs were offensive or absurd. Hindu boys, servants (or slaves) in a Mohammedan country, would put the left shoe on their master's right foot, and place carpets wrong side uppermost. Hindus eat separately, stain their teeth with odious betel, drink wine before meals, wear loose trousers, ride bare-backed horses, consult their wives on all emergencies, and occasionally let their nails grow and smear their bodies with cow-dung. Some of their other customs are indecent and shocking. "Thanks be to God who has abolished several of these customs"; at least in countries bordering on India. There were schools in which the children wrote on long black tablets from left to right, obviously in the Devanagari character. The natives were simple enough to believe that God pardoned the sins and added to the lives of Hindus who knew all about the poles and the stars as mentioned in the Puranas. "Can men," he adds, "breathe and receive life from the Almighty solely on account of their knowledge of the stars?" The Koran and the holy books that preceded it were never in need of strained interpretations. That work never dabbled with chronological puzzles. All its sentences were clear and unambiguous. Hindus, owing possibly to the diversity and discrepancies of their sacred books, "never seem able to agree on any one subject whatever."

In several points Alberuni's information might have been collected last year, and have formed the subject of an elementary almanac or school-book. The Hindus have six *ritus* or seasons, of two months each, though in some districts the popular division of the year is into three seasons—hot, rainy, and cold. Alberuni, recording all the fables about Mount Meru and the seven seas of milk, butter, curds, and so on, tries to be more practical in his enumeration of existing rivers and kingdoms. Some of them baffle any attempts at identification, but a good many have a familiar sound. We hear of the Godavery, and the Tumbaddra, and the Krishna in the South; the Narbudda in Central India; the Ravi and the Jhelum in the North, and the Gandak, under their ancient and classical names. Alberuni was aware of the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges, of the five rivers that give its name to the Punjab, and of the place called Ganga Sagar, where the Ganges flows into the Bay of Bengal. With this knowledge, however, are mixed up tales of men who

creep on their breasts, who are either colourless or very black, of others whose lips are turned like their ears, of one animal with the shape of a buffalo but larger than a rhinoceros which inhabits the Concan, and another more remarkable, which has the head of a dog and long tentacles or feelers, and attacks men and animals who venture into the water where it lies in wait. Evidently the author had picked up something about the Octopus. Alberuni had heard that Brahmans had the privilege of eating the flesh of the rhinoceros, and he had himself seen one of these animals attack and wound an elephant. He found Hindu *Shikaris* hunting the gazelle or rather the black buck, and he witnessed the performances of snake-charmers, jugglers, and sorcerers, but these tricks are "common to all nations." It is remarkable to find, in connexion with stories of snakes, that an individual who had seemingly died from snake-bite was restored by a charm, sat up, and then made his will. It was long a rooted belief in Anglo-Indian jurists that wills were unknown in India till we established our judicial tribunals. This arose from the fact that the members of a joint Hindu family shared alike. Alberuni evidently thought that there was some power of testamentary disposal. His observation of fluvial action led him to the conclusion that India, or a good part of it, had once been a sea. The pulverized stones, the violence of the currents, and the accumulation of sand accounted for this. Here Alberuni was not far wrong; and he had heard something of the wild and intractable barbarians on the North-West Frontier. Kanouj was in ruins in his time, but Mathura (Muttra), Thaneshwar and Benares were all holy, well-peopled, and flourishing. He had conversed with a man who had penetrated to Nepal, and who gave him wonderful accounts of swinging bridges over foaming torrents, and goats on the backs of which goods were transported from place to place. From a contemporary of Mahmud of Ghazni we naturally expect a mention of the temple of Somnath. Sir William Hunter (*Imperial Gazetteer*, vol. vi. p. 274) contends that the famous idol could not possibly contain treasure, as it was a mere *lingum* of solid stone. Alberuni, however, vouches for the fact that the upper part of the idol had coverings and trappings of gold, jewels, and embroidery, which were all carried off to Ghazni "by Prince Mahmud! May God be merciful to him." No doubt the idol was not hollow, but it is quite possible that the priests had treasure concealed somewhere else, which they were willing to offer to the idol-breaker, if he would only spare the object of their devotion. The abstinence of Hindus from beef was accounted for in two ways, both of which perplexed the author. Some maintained that in old times cows used to be sacrificed, and when men became too weak to perform their duties, beef ceased to be eaten. This is as unintelligible to us as it was to Alberuni. Others said that beef was injurious to health and to weak digestions, which is more reasonable. In all probability cattle ceased to be sacrificed because the cow was valuable for its milk and the bullock for agriculture. Rescued from the shambles, the animal became an object of superstitious devotion. Alberuni does not say that he witnessed a Sati, as Bernier did six centuries after him, but he accounts for the rite by the ill-treatment undergone by the widow "as long as she lives." Exceptions were made in favour of aged women and those who had children, but Ranis were burnt, "whether they wished it or not," in order to hinder them from doing anything unworthy of deceased Rajas. Of crimes, cow-killing and the murder of a Brahman were accounted the worst. But a Brahman, if convicted of very heinous crimes, could be banished, mutilated, or blinded. If he only killed another man, he might expiate the offence by prayers and fasts.

It would be easy to add to all this. Had the bulk of Sanskrit literature irrecoverably perished we might have extracted from Alberuni a mass of curious and not incorrect facts. As a specimen of his style we give his concluding sentences, characteristic of his earnestness, religious feeling, modesty, and love of truth:—

This treatise [says the author] both by its length and breadth has already wearied the reader. We ask God to pardon us for every statement of ours which is not true. We ask Him to help us that we may adhere to that which yields Him satisfaction. We ask Him to lead us into a proper insight into the nature of that which is false and idle, that we may sift it so as to distinguish the chaff from the wheat. All good comes from Him, and it is He who is element towards His slaves. Praise be to God, the Lord of the Worlds, and His blessings be upon the Prophet Muhammad and his whole family.

#### TRAVELS THROUGH ENGLAND.—VOL. II.\*

IN this new volume of the Camden Society's Publications we have Dr. Pococke's journals of three more of his tours in England and Wales in the years 1754, 1756, and 1757. His account of some earlier tours formed the subject of one of the Society's volumes for last year, and was noticed in the *Saturday Review* of May 19, 1888. The Society will not, at least at present, publish any more of his manuscripts, and the editor has, therefore, given an index to the two volumes already issued. Although the Doctor's ideas about matters of history, archaeology, and architecture are for the most part utterly mistaken, he was by no

\* *The Travels through England of Dr. Richard Pococke, successively Bishop of Meath and Ossory, during 1750, 1751, and later years. Edited by J. J. Cartwright, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. II. Printed for the Camden Society. 1889.*



means an unintelligent traveller; he knew what to look at, and generally what to record. His notices of local manufactures and commerce are of special value, and, as he was a careful observer, his account of the condition in which he found cathedrals, parish churches, castles, and monastic ruins is well worth having. He cared more for artificial effects than for natural beauty, and dwells with greater delight on sham temples, and the like, than on woodland or mountain scenery. For this, of course, he is not to be specially blamed; it was the taste of his day. While, however, his earlier journals seemed to show that he was almost insensible to the charm of a landscape, unless a gardener or a builder had in some way meddled with it, in those now before us he more than once expresses his pleasure at seeing some fine piece of country. For example, he admired the view on the southern side of the Usk, near Abergavenny, and the rocks about Tonbridge Wells. The larger part of the present volume is taken up with a tour which he made in 1754. After landing from Ireland on the Lancashire coast, he rode by Bangor, Powis, Llandiloes, and Brecknock to Abergavenny, the "best town in Wales," and famous for its manufacture of flannels; then on "through fine hilly country" to Monmouth, and thence by the Forest of Dean to Badminton, and so to Bath, which, he says, "every year becomes more frequented," there being "no place in the world so fit for the necessary and honourable business of making alliances." He saw Bristol, and went out to the megalithic circles at Stanton Drew, which he thought must owe its name to the Druids. The huge blocks of stone appeared to him to be artificially composed, "there being no other stones of that kind in the neighbourhood." Most of them are really conglomerate, slightly tinged with red oxide of iron, and seem to have been procured close to the spot on which they were set up. Longleat and Marston are noticed rather briefly. The Doctor's usual accuracy failed him when he set down his impression of Nunney Castle, a striking bit of mediæval military architecture, for he describes it as an octagon, instead of an oblong building with a tower at each corner. Fonthill pleased him much, for Alderman Beckford had lately "fronted the house in the Italian taste," and had built a church "opposite the grand front, in imitation of Covent Garden." The builder of the famous "Abbey" was not born at the date of his visit. He declares that Abury was "most accurately described" by Dr. Stukeley; but as he does not seem to have examined the place with any minuteness, his confirmation of Stukeley's account cannot be considered of much value. He went by Amesbury and Andover to Wokingham, where he found a "manufacture of serges, serge denim, and baragons," and thence to Cranbourne Lodge, then in the possession of the Duke of Cumberland, where he was delighted by a serpentine river, a cascade, a cave adorned with clinkers from glass-works, and many other "improvements," and so by Egham and Hampton Court to London, which he reached by the middle of August. He left London a few days later, and going southwards admired the fine view into Surrey, from the hills above Westerham, and rode by Knole, an "exceeding good old house," to Tonbridge and Tonbridge Wells. At Maidstone there was a manufacture of thread brought over by the Flemings; the fine house near the church, which formerly belonged to the Archbishops, receives a bare notice, and the Doctor's remarks on the ecclesiastical buildings of the place are brief and confused. After seeing Canterbury he went to Margate, "a fishing town of late much resorted to by company to drink the sea-water, as well as to bathe, for the latter they have the convenience of covered carriages," evidently the first bathing-machines that he had seen. He gives a tolerably full report as to the state of the Cinque Ports and some of their Members. Sandwich seems then to have had a larger number of old houses than it can show at present; Hythe, a "very poor town," had "much improved these seven years"; and he records how the sea was kept from overflowing Romney Marsh by ramparts of earth held together by rods of wood. Both Rye and Hastings had, he says, a considerable export trade in "iron pigs from the neighbouring forges." Hastings consisted of two streets, "one for shops, the other for fishermen." From Sussex he went to Hampshire, visited Portsmouth and Winchester, and then proceeded to Salisbury, where, among other matters, he notes that the town was "famous for cutleryware, bone lace, and a manufacture of linsey woolsey." He paid another visit to Bath, and was charmed with the devices which Ralph Allen, Fielding's "Squire Allworthy," had carried out at Prior Park, a statue of Moses "with his hand striking the rock, and below it a beautiful cascade." At Godalming, to which he came on his way back to London, there was, he tells us, a "manufacture of kerseys for the Canary Islands, and of stockins and paper, particularly the white-brown, and they have a great plantation of liquorice." Hard by was the house of General Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony of Georgia, and on his estate a "vineyard out of which they make a wine like Rhenish." Another vineyard of ten acres was at Painshill, near Cobham; the grapes when gently pressed yielded an "excellent champagne," and when "pressed out and left on the husk a very good Burgundy." These wines were sold at the inns at 7s. 6d. a bottle. The larger part of Dr. Pococke's journal of his tour in 1756 relates to places in Wales, Herefordshire, and the neighbouring counties.

## LESSER CLASSICAL BOOKS.

MR. UNDERHILL'S edition of the first two books of the *Hellenica* is intended rather for students of history who read these books as a continuation of the narration of Thucydides than as an aid to scholarship. It is a work which would have been eagerly welcomed by Oxford men reading for honours in "Greats" a few years ago, and may be of use to their successors of to-day, supposing—an extravagant hypothesis, we admit—that the subject has not been changed since. The historical difficulties of the narrative are admirably dealt with both in the introduction and, where necessary, in the notes, and on obscure points, such as the Spartan *vavayxia* (I. 5), Mr. Underhill collects and arranges his facts with care and clearness. The first, and critically the most important, part of the introduction deals with the composition of the work, as to which Mr. Underhill's conclusion is that, having carried on the narrative of Thucydides to the destruction of the long walls, following to the best of his ability, and rather against the grain, the historical method of Thucydides himself, Xenophon then felt free to adopt a style better suited to his own tastes and powers. Hence the marked difference between Books I., II., and the rest of the work. The conclusion is one at which most persons competent to judge have probably arrived, but it is useful to have the grounds for such an opinion brought together, and clearly stated. Xenophon's chronology, the internal state of Athens during the closing years of the Peloponnesian war, and the trial of the generals after Arginusæ, are also set forth in sufficient and not excessive detail. In the notes comparatively little attention is given to points of scholarship. Passages which offer any difficulty are explained, but Mr. Underhill is undoubtedly right in an historical work to abstain from discussing such questions as the relation of Xenophon's diction to pure Attic Greek on the one hand, and to the *κοινή* *διαλεκτός* on the other. All matters of history are thoroughly investigated with full knowledge and judicious use of authorities, ancient and modern, and thorough as Mr. Underhill's work is in this respect, his notes are delightfully short.

The *Laches* is in several respects a good dialogue for schoolboys who are to read Plato. It is short, and not difficult either in language or in subject-matter, and it is decidedly dramatic. For school use Mr. Tatham's edition is just what is needed, or perhaps a little more than is absolutely necessary; but editors of school classics seem so determined nowadays that boys shall not find Latin and Greek authors troublesome, that the superfluity of some of their notes may, as a rule, be taken for granted. With this reservation, we can wholly commend Mr. Tatham's work. He is familiar with the best commentators, and, better still, knows his Plato well. His grammatical notes are thoroughly sound—e.g. one on the phrase *θαυμαστόν ἔσται* (p. 58)—and he gives all needful information on incidental matters, such as the Sophists (p. 63), Greek music (p. 68), and so forth. The course of the dialogue is sketched in the introduction, which also contains some account of Plato, and the philosophical purport of the work is further discussed in an appendix. There is an English and also a Greek index, both of which are complete so far as we have tested them.

Mr. Sidgwick's is, if we mistake not, the first book of Selections from Plato for school use which has yet appeared. It contains pieces of various length from different dialogues and on all sorts of subjects. We have passages dealing with the trial, imprisonment, and death of Socrates, from the *Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phædo*; the legend of Solon from the *Timæus*; and the criticism of the myth of Boreas and Orithyia from the *Phædrus*. From the *Republic* Mr. Sidgwick gives, among other passages, the ring of Gyges, the souls choosing new lives, and the wrathful outburst of Thrasymachus. The selection has been, on the whole, very well made; though in a book for boys we should ourselves be inclined to exclude all educational topics, which Mr. Sidgwick has not done. The notes call for no detailed criticism. They are sound, helpful, and short; indeed, in a book of selections there is no excuse for their being otherwise. The only thing we miss in the volume is a table of contents, which would save some trouble. The volume will serve as an excellent introduction to Plato, and

\* *Xenophon: Hellenica*. Books I. II. With Introduction and Notes by G. E. Underhill, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The *Laches* of Plato. With Introduction and Notes by M. T. Tatham, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

Easy Selections from Plato. By Arthur Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

Selections from Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Book IV. Edited for the Use of Schools, with Introduction, Notes, Exercises, and Vocabulary, by Rev. E. D. Stone, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Book II. Edited for the Use of Schools, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by A. S. Walpole, M.A., Assistant-Master in Rossall School. London: Macmillan & Co.

Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Book V. With Notes and Vocabulary. London: Rivingtons.

The *Hieron* of Xenophon (Text adapted for the Use of Schools). With Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Rev. H. A. Holden, M.A., LL.D. Third edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

Cæsar's Army: a Study of the Military Art of the Romans in the last days of the Republic. By Harry Pratt Judson. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

Imitative Exercises in Easy Latin Prose, based on *Fabulæ Faciles*. By F. Ritchie, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

may also be usefully drawn upon for purposes of unseen translation.

Mr. Stone's is a good little reading book for boys who have lately begun Greek. The text is easy enough in construction to allow learners to devote much of their attention to mastery of the accidence, and the episode chosen—the passage of the Greeks through Armenia and their first view of the sea—is likely to interest boys. There are exercises on the text well arranged and abundant in quantity, and three appendices treating respectively of irregular verbs, dependent clauses, and other points of syntax, and the prepositions. All the work is thoroughly well done, with very exact knowledge of the needs and powers of small boys who have not long begun Greek, and the book will be found useful in preparatory schools.

Mr. Walpole has edited the second book of the *Anabasis*. The notes appear to us to be sometimes too long, and to contain rather overmuch help in the way of translation; but, on the whole, the book occupies a respectable position among the countless editions of the *Anabasis*, or parts of it, which compete for the favour of teachers.

It is needless to do more than mention the appearance of the fifth book of the *Anabasis* in Rivington's "Greek Texts." The type is excellent, and if the notes are now and then somewhat scanty, we for our part greatly prefer defect to excess in this matter.

Dr. Holden's excellent edition of the *Hiero* has reached a third edition.

Mr. Judson's book contains pretty much all—cynical persons might say more than all—that is known about the Roman army in the time of Cæsar. The author seems to know his Cæsar well; but his work necessarily owes very much to previous investigators, Rüstow especially. It contains all accessible information about the organization and tactics of the army, the armour of the legionary, the construction of camps, and the conduct of siege operations. The illustrations are numerous and good, and to the body of the book are appended maps of some of Cæsar's campaigns, and plans of his chief sieges. Though the book contains, in our opinion, rather too much conjectural matter, such as, for instance, the elaborate calculations as to the baggage-train of a legion, it should nevertheless be found useful by teachers, for it gives much information which every reader of Cæsar, or of any Roman historian, ought to possess, though many lack it.

Mr. Ritchie's *Imitative Exercises* are based on the text of his Latin reading-book *Fabule Faciles*. The subject-matter of each section of the Latin stories is put into English in such a manner that, in turning the passage into Latin, the pupil will use the vocabulary supplied by the original passage. The constructions are, however, varied, so that the exercise requires thought as well as memory, and is thus even more valuable than re-translation. The execution of the work is as good as its conception, and, having tried it on a class of small boys, we can speak with much confidence of the value of Mr. Ritchie's book as a means of giving early lessons in the art of writing consecutive Latin prose. Instead of the usual English-Latin vocabulary at the end of the book, there is a list of English words with references to the Latin passage in which each will be found, so that if a word has been forgotten, it may be hunted up, though the process will be sufficiently troublesome to make it worth a boy's while to exert his memory.

#### POEMS AND BALLADS.\*

THE peculiar charm which Mr. Swinburne's dedications have always had is not lost in the piece which at the end of the present volume presents it to Mr. W. B. Scott, as a dozen years ago the second series was presented in a sort of waterfall of song to Sir Richard Burton, and a dozen years earlier still the first—in perhaps the most harmonious, if not the finest, verses that the author has ever written—to Mr. Burne Jones. But there is something of a sadder note than in either of these in the verses which follow:—

The years are many, the changes more,  
Since wind and sun on the wild sweet shore  
Where Joyous Gard stands stark by the sea  
With face as bright as in years of yore

Shone, swept, and sounded, and laughed for glee  
More deep than a man's or a child's may be,  
On a day when summer was wild and glad,  
And the guests of the wind and the sun were we.

("now some say Joyous Gard is Bamborough"), and it is perhaps not mere fantasy to say that this sadness is kept up, not throughout, but in large measure. The admirable poem "To a Seamew," so like in form to its quarter-of-a-century senior, "A Match," is curiously unlike it in substance. The farewell to love-poetry, which Mr. Swinburne rather prematurely sounded in the fine Proem to *Songs before Sunrise*, applies absolutely to this volume; and though there is less pessimism than was involved in the old and rather crude songs on political and religious subjects, it can hardly be said, except in one respect, to have been replaced by optimism. That respect is, it need hardly be said, the utterance given to that fervid and not in the least affected patriotism which has set Mr. Swinburne far ahead of all his contemporaries but one, and of all his predecessors for many years, as a poet of the

noblest sentiment of political man. The Jubilee piece, entitled "The Commonweal," and the poem on the Armada are inspired by a love of England worthy of Pitt, and not too far below Shakspeare, who would certainly not disapprove this paraphrase on a great passage of his own:—

The days that made thee great are dead;  
The days that now must keep thee great  
Lie not in keeping of thy fate;  
In thine they lie, whose heart and head  
Sustain thy charge of state.

"The Armada," though good, is perhaps a little less good. At any rate, it has nothing so good as the best lines of the poem with which it naturally challenges comparison, "The Last Fight of the *Revenge*." But its sentiment is as high, as worthily expressed, and as valuable. In these days, when some lewd fellows of the baser sort hold patriotism a crime, if not a folly, it is something to have such verse as this on the right side.

No volume of Mr. Swinburne's would be characteristic without metrical experiments, and this volume is particularly rich in them. The opening poem, with its immensely long and yet light verses—things like the wing of an albatross in length and lightness—is such, and must be illustrated:—

As the sunshine quenches the snowshine; as April subdues thee,  
And yields up his kingdom to May;  
So time overcomes the regret that is born of delight as it passes  
In passion away,  
And leaves but a dream for desire to rejoice in or mourn for with  
Tears or thanksgivings; but thou,  
Bright god that art gone from us, maddest and gladdest of months,  
To what goal hast thou gone from us now?

This is perhaps, as a Greek would say, "cleverer than gooder," though its craftsmanship is extraordinary. Nor are we quite sure about the monosyllabic part in the following stanza of "Pan and Thalassius":—

Night  
Bare rule over men for ages  
Whose worship wist not of me  
And gat but sorrows for wages  
And hardly for tears could see  
Light.

Nor even (though this is less dubious) about the alternation of very long and very short lines in "The Interpreters." These things are extremely useful to give lyric quality to such a language as French, which is naturally rather poor in it, and the men of the two best periods of French poetry, the men of the *Pléiade* and the *Cénacle*, were right to revive their use. But with a language which is a natural song, like the language of Shakspeare and Shelley, of Chaucer and Burns, very fantastic and broken rhythm perhaps does more harm than good. It substitutes a metallic and *saccadé* jog for a flowing cadence.

A division which will give much pleasure is that of Northumbrian ballads. The ballad-*pastiche* is a horror to some very fastidious critics, and it perhaps gives anxiety to all judicious ones. Often it is very bad; too often, when not very bad, it is trivial; but Mr. Swinburne's examples are excellent; the "Reiver's Neck-Verse"—

Some die laughing, and some die quaffing,  
And some die high on tree;  
Some die spinning, and some die sinning,  
But faggot and fire for ye, my dear,  
Faggot and fire for ye.

is not unworthy of Surtees of Mainsforth, and would not have been too closely scrutinized by that ingenious gentleman's great correspondent. The two Jacobite ballads are not only better than all but a few certainly genuine Jacobite ballads, but also as good as Allan Cunningham's "The sun shines fair in France," than which nothing can be better. The "Lyke-Wake Song" is only inferior to the author's own "After Death." And, if the title of "The Weary Wedding" perhaps lends handles to the profane of which its text will enable them to take hold, "The Tyneside Widow" shall more than make amends.

Should, however, Momus, the petulant, again complain of a little too much cleverness and a little too little spontaneity, even his mouth must be shut in face of a large proportion of the poems (some of which we have referred to and some not) in which Mr. Swinburne's own peculiar virtue as a poet—the power, that is to say, of linking human sorrows and joys and thoughts in sonorous verse to the elemental conditions of sea and sky and air—find once more, and with not the very least weariness or staleness, expression in a medium of consummate poetical quality. Here, too, are more of those admirable obituary pieces in which Mr. Swinburne has no living rival. We have mentioned the poem "To a Seamew"; but quotation, not mention, is needed to show what it is:—

The wave's wing spreads and flutters,  
The wave's heart swells and breaks;  
One moment's passion thrills it,  
One pulse of power fulfils it,  
And ends the pride it utters  
When, loud with life that quakes,  
The wave's wing spreads and flutters,  
The wave's heart swells and breaks.

In this same poem Mr. Swinburne refers to the time when he too had "wings"; there is not much loss of wing here.

Even better, though the metrical charm is slightly less, is the picture of "Neap-tide"; but from this it is not so easy to separate a fragment.

It is sometimes said that poetry like this is deficient in "ideas."

\* *Poems and Ballads*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Third series. London: Chatto & Windus. 1889.



The contention does not, perhaps, make very strongly for the abundance of ideas in the heads of those who advance it. That the ideas which Mr. Swinburne's verse excites are vague rather than precise is true enough, but they are not on that account less poetical. Indeed, it may be very much questioned whether those who make the complaint aforesaid have any very great relish for poetry as such. They may like it as a *paropsonema*, a relish to heighten their favourite food of subject, but they do not like it as poetry. Apart from those notions in politics and religion on which Mr. Swinburne used to insist, not altogether wisely, and from that patriotic fervour which has now very happily taken their place, the ideas which chiefly occupy his verse are the large and vague ideas of the sympathy and correlation of the human temperament with nature, of the mysteries of life, love, and death, of the beauty of the invisible and the strangeness of the visible world. It would be rather curious to take a critic, clamorous for "ideas," through the greatest passages of the greatest poets of the world, and he would be a little surprised to see how these very ideas are, for the most part, the ideas which, and which only, animate them.

And, after all, the question is not What is this poetry about? but Is this Poetry? What follows is, if ever there was any. It may not be of the poetry about which there is most to be said; it is of the poetry where there is most to enjoy:—

Return, they cry, ere yet your day  
Set, and the sky grow stern:  
Return, strayed souls, while yet ye may  
Return.

But heavens beyond us yearn;  
Yea heights of heaven above the sway  
Of stars that eyes discern.

The soul whose wings from shoreward stray  
Makes towards her viewless bourne  
Though trustless faith and unfaith say,  
Return.

#### BOOKS ON PHILOSOPHY.\*

ON many persons of an inquiring turn of mind the study of philosophers at first hand produces the effect experienced by Flaubert's Bouvard and Pécuchet when they dipped into Spinoza's *Ethics*:—"Il leur semblaient être en ballon, la nuit, par un froid glacial, emportés d'une course sans fin vers un abîme sans fond, et sans rien autour d'eux que l'insaisissable, l'immuable, l'éternel. C'était trop fort; ils y renoncèrent, et, désirant quelque chose de moins rude, ils achetèrent le cours de philosophie à l'usage des classes par M. Guesnier." Such simple souls will naturally be attracted by the title of Dr. Stuckenberg's volume, and will be further comforted by finding a list of "reflections" appended to every chapter "as subjects for independent research and mental discipline"; but we fear that they, and other less naive readers, will rise from its perusal confused rather than enlightened. Dr. Stuckenberg possesses abundant learning and considerable knowledge of his subject, but he lacks the power of lucid exposition. His chapters are agglomerate masses rather than organic structures, while the citation of strings of disparate authorities, many of whom would *ex hypothesi* be mere names to most of his readers, is simply a scattering of grains by the wayside. We should ourselves be inclined to differ from him in *limine* when he asserts the urgent need of such a work as the one before us. No doubt students often do "make numerous mistakes" and "fail to secure the best results from philosophic inquiries," but we question whether a preliminary canter round the field is of much service as a prophylactic. In our opinion the best introduction to the study of philosophy lies in the laborious investigation of the system of some great philosopher. The learner who shows intelligent appreciation of one great thinker is in better case than he who sneers glibly at a dozen. Mental attitudinizing, so to speak, before the glass in our own study is not of much service when the time of trial comes. Opponents have a knack of attacking in carte while we are parrying in tierce. Thus a good deal of our author's industry seems to us misdirected, yet there is much in his book that is worth reading, and he displays a very wide acquaintance with current philosophical literature. After defining philosophy as "the rational system of fundamental principles," and discussing its relations to religion, natural science, and empirical psychology, he proceeds to expound it under the four heads of Theory of Knowledge, Metaphysics, Aesthetics, and Ethics. Perhaps the learner's faith in him as a guide would be more robust—"car, en vérité, messieurs, le monde devient méfiant"—if he showed a more complete mastery over language. It appears to be useless to protest against "reliable"; but "transpires," in the sense of "happens," is inexcusable; and when we read that, in this degenerate age, "theology and metaphysics are interpreted as aberrations of mind on its way to Positivism, the Ultima Thule of reliable thought," we find ourselves indulging in reflections which are not included in our author's terminal lists.

Among the signs of Roman Catholic energy in England may

\* *An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy.* By J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D.D. New York: Armstrong & Son.

*Logic.* By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Longmans, 1889.

*On Truth: a Systematic Inquiry.* By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., M.D., F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

be reckoned the issue of a series of manuals expounding what may be called *Philosophy in unum fidelium*. The volume with which we are at present concerned, and which, though not the first in order of publication, is intended to be read before its fellows, is an attempt to rehabilitate the scholastic logic, and thus "to lead back the English student into the safe paths of the ancient wisdom, to point out where it is that the speculations of modern philosophizers have quitted the well-trodden high road of truth, and to at least indicate the precipices of inconsistency and self-contradiction to which they conduct the unhappy learner who allows himself to be guided by them." Though Father Clarke mainly concerns himself with Formal Logic, he occasionally, for the sake of edification, makes excursions into wider fields. Adopting the standpoint of "moderate realism," he directs his chief attack against the limitation of the Principle of Contradiction, the nominalist statement of the Principle of Identity, and the theory of conception set forth by Mill. The arguments usually employed in these time-honoured controversies are marshalled with much vigour; but some of Father Clarke's weapons, such as the contemptuous general abuse of opponents, seem rather adapted to dazzle his own partisans than to scathe the enemy. Thus it would have been well if, after he had finished railing at those who would limit the Principle of Contradiction, he had given some hint of their position. The uncontroversial portions of the book are extremely clear, and the descriptions of the various forms of syllogism as little dry as their subject-matter permits. In a concluding chapter Father Clarke attacks the inductive method, as tending to make men satisfied with a lower order of certainty than is attainable deductively, and thus fostering "the subtlest form of error that the mind of man can devise."

In his latest volume Dr. Mivart "places at the disposal of his readers as brief and plain an account as he could render of the results at which he has arrived in a life's pursuit of truth," and sets forth his arguments with his usual easy lucidity. Such is the charm of his style and the skill of his dialectic, that objections and difficulties seem to melt away before him, and it is not till we look back over the path travelled in his company that we find that the outposts of the enemy have been turned rather than captured. Taking self-evidence as the test of truth, Dr. Mivart maintains that it is possible for us to arrive at supreme certainty regarding our own continuous existence and some primary abstract general truths, and, further, by the action of the intellect, as distinguished from the senses and the imagination, to have a direct and immediate knowledge of objects external to us. A chapter is devoted to the overthrow of Idealism, but among the arguments employed Dr. Mivart attaches great weight to the power of scientific prediction, and, by way of a *reductio ad absurdum*, gives a travestied account of the discovery of the planet Uranus, expressed in terms of sensation; but surely this is nothing more than a more subtle form of Dr. Johnson's "refutation" of Idealism. Having thus laid down a firm foundation for his inquiries, Dr. Mivart proceeds to review the physical and intellectual nature of man, and draws an impassable barrier between our "lower" and "higher" mental faculties, between associated feelings (sensations, feelings of relation, and emotion) and reason (the perception of objective facts and the apprehension of supersensuous ideas and truths). This distinction is one of the cardinal points of the book:—

Feelings, whether single or in groups of groups, are all modifications of our sensitivity, and cannot be reflected upon or recognized as existing by the faculty (sensitivity) which elicits them. But Ideas can be reflected on and recognized by the faculty (the intellect) which elicits them, as existing now; as having or not having existed in the past; and as possibly or certainly existing or not existing in the future. Feelings may associate to form "sensuous universals," serving to guide our conscience automatically. But Ideas are direct or true universals, serving to guide us, not blindly, but consciously and intelligently. "Sense perceptions" are groups of associated feelings, but "ideas" are apprehensions of objective qualities grouped round an objective unity about which various judgments may be formed. The former are but reinstatements of sense and unities abstracted from sense.

The possession of these higher mental powers differentiates man absolutely from the brutes, and what is loosely spoken of as "animal intelligence" is not rudimentary reason, but the lower mental powers developed in some directions more highly than they are in humanity. The intellect thus set on a pedestal apart enables us to apprehend truth, goodness, and beauty as objective attributes of things and assures us of our possession of Free Will. The latter part of the book is taken up with a rapid survey of inorganic and organic nature and arguments in favour of the author's theory of evolution as opposed to the "mechanical" theory of the universe and Darwin's doctrine of the supremacy of the law of Natural Selection. Dr. Mivart briefly dismisses Clifford's hypothesis of "Mind stuff" as a gratuitous assumption contradicted by experience, and maintains that the world is made up of bodies each of which is a *compositum* consisting of both matter and an active immaterial principle, the active principles being divisible into five orders, ranging from "Principles of substances inapt for life, each of which so informs a portion of matter as to constitute one kind of inorganic substance, but no 'individual,'" to "Principles of individuation pertaining to rational organisms, each of which so informs a portion of organic animal substance as to constitute an individual human being or 'person.'" By these active principles are carried on, not only the vital actions of maturity, but generation and all the processes of the individual development of

every organism, and such processes are profoundly rational; yet the reason which directs them though in the organisms is not of them, save in the case of man's intellectual faculties; it exists in the First Cause which the existence of the universe, as we know it, postulates.

It is impossible within the limits of an article to do more than point out a few of the main features of what, however widely we may differ from some of its conclusions, is a most interesting and suggestive book. If the theory of natural selection is destined to fall, the victorious attack will probably be made on some such lines as Dr. Mivart has indicated, and to him will be due the credit of having struck some of the first and the shrewdest blows.

#### THE LONDON STAGE.\*

THE influences of the stage react apparently upon the literature that is devoted to it, and the presentment of fictitious joys and sorrows is transmitted through annals which aim less at being trustworthy than at being amusing. Into the domain of scholarship even the canker of inaccuracy has eaten, and the worst forgeries of the present generation have been executed with a view to eke out the scanty records of the stage and to create an imaginary place of a real history. It is hard to say which commits the graver offence against the student, the Collier who invents facts to suit his arguments, or the Doran who dresses truth in a garb that renders it indistinguishable from falsehood. While books on the stage multiply, those in which implicit confidence can be placed are still within the range of the most imperfectly developed powers of enumeration. Mr. Barton Baker is neither a Collier nor a Doran. He invents nothing with a view to deceive, and he is moderate in his employment of "colour." He writes, however, currently, prides himself apparently upon carelessness of style, and will not be at the pains to be accurate. This is the more to be regretted as he has something to say, and the books that he writes might easily be rendered valuable to scholars. It is, for instance, a good idea to give a compendious history of the various theatres that London has known. Concerning many of these the general public is in complete ignorance, and information concerning all can only be obtained by the best instructed from books many of which are difficult of access. To add to the perplexity, theatres change frequently their names, and, in the anxiety of managers to assume an appearance of royal patronage, take not seldom a name that has been borne by another house. How many of those who recognize in the Royalty the establishment founded by Fanny Kelly, and now best known as a home for French comedy, are aware that a more famous Royalty was founded in Wells Street, Wellclose Square, near a century ago? A difficulty awaits our descendants of a century hence, who, hearing of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, will fail to grasp that within a few years the name has been held by the building in Tottenham Street which saw the rise of the Bancroft star and the house in Coventry Street which has witnessed the "phenomenal success" of *Dorothy*?

There was ample room, then, for a book such as Mr. Baker has written. Had it been thoroughly done, indeed, it would have commended itself to the Grangerites, or book illustrators, and scores of amateurs would have enriched it with annotations ready for use in a second and an enlarged edition. Mr. Baker is, however, a ready and not an exact writer. We should not easily forgive such carelessness of style as the constant employment of the word *artiste* to describe an actor or a singer, and of such phrases as "bye-play," "by-the-bye," &c.; but his errors are graver than matters of this kind. On his very first page, for instance, he tells us that "Geneste has taken ten [volumes] for the records of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket between 1660 and 1830." Now stage chronicles know no such person as Geneste. Genest is the name of the stage historian. Throughout Mr. Baker's book the name is not once correctly spelt.

Concerning the earliest actress that ever appeared on the stage, Mr. Baker is of opinion that Mrs. Betterton was probably the first, and he has been able to find no verification of the statement that "in 1656 Mrs. Coleman, the wife of Mr. Edward Coleman, represented Ianthe in the first part of Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*." We will supply the verification, which is given in the cast of the play, 4to, 1656. There, with the other characters assigned to Captain Henry Cook, Mr. Matthew Lock (of the *Macbeth* music), Henry Persill (Purcell), and others, appear Alphonso, Mr. Edward Coleman; Ianthe, Mrs. Coleman, wife to Mr. Coleman. It is possible, as Mr. Baker assumes, that Mary Saunderson was Pepys's Ianthe; but it is equally possible that Mrs. Coleman, in praise of whose voice Pepys speaks, was the lady to whom he accorded the somewhat odd title.

Mr. Baker indulges in "a feasible conjecture" that Burbage's troupe visited Edinburgh at the desire of James VI. It is certain that in 1593 a company of English comedians visited Holyrood. From the Treasurer's Accounts preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh, Mr. Dibdin extracts the following:—"Item, payit be com'and of his ma<sup>ties</sup> precept to certane Inglis c'medianis the comp'oun of the escheit of ye laird of Kilcrewech and his complices as ye said precept p'duceit upoun compt beiris ii<sup>s</sup> xxxiiij li. vi s.

vij d." These three hundred and thirty-three pounds were assumably pounds Scots. Another English company is known to have visited Edinburgh in 1599. It is not accurate to say that Nell Gwyn lived in Drury Lane "in the height of her power." Whether she was born there or not is uncertain, but at the time when Pepys saw, on the 1st of May, milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails dancing, and pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings door in Drury Lane in her smock-sleeves and bodice, and seeming a "mighty pretty creature," she had not come to her fortunes. When she did, lodgings in Drury Lane, in spite of its then fashionable pretences, were far from good enough for her. The lines assigned to Rochester, vol. i. p. 57, we fail to find in that admirable if licentious satirist. It is at least difficult to believe that Rochester can have written a distich such as

Let them the Traitor, or Volpone try  
Could they rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die.

No more surprising piece of news is communicated by Mr. Baker than that Garrick acted at Ipswich under the name of Lydgate. The singsong delivery of which Mr. Baker speaks as common about 1716 was, he says, "undoubtedly borrowed from the Parisian stage." It may have come by way of Paris, but it assumably dates from early Greece. When the Drury Lane takings fell to 30*l.*, 15*l.*, and even 5*l.* a night, Garrick, it is said, took the Continental trip, and "created as great a *furor* among the French and Italians as he had among his own countrymen." This conveys an altogether erroneous idea. Garrick was greatly prized in social, artistic, and literary circles, but a *furor* implies a public and warmly manifested approval of acting, and no such thing attended his progress. Dumesnil is an actress mentioned by Mr. Baker, but unknown in French records. So far from it being true that *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus*, written by Motteux (*sic*), was the first opera in the Italian style with recitatives performed in this country, an entire *Masque* of Ben Jonson was set to music, *stilo recitativo*, by Nicolò Lanieri in 1617, and many plays were delivered *stilo recitativo*, before and immediately after the Restoration.

In the history of Her Majesty's Theatre, the temporary management of Falconer and the production of the ill-starred *Oonagh* should find a mention. It is singularly unjust to the modern stage to say that picturesqueness is "a feature in stage art now almost extinct." Never, probably, was it more developed. It would be more correct to say of Henry Beverley that he was the father of William Beverley and Henry Roxby Beverley than of William Beverley and of Roxby Beverley, as there was also a Robert Roxby Beverley, who, however, dropped the last name. Henry Roxby Beverley, indeed, was generally known as Henry Beverley, and his brother as Robert Roxby.

When we reach the modern stage the slips are not less numerous. The Prince of Wales's Theatre did not open under the Bancroft management in September, 1865, but on Saturday, 15th April, 1865; nor did Mrs. Bancroft play the part in *La Sonnambula* which Mr. Baker assigns to her. It is not true that Mr. Irving made under Miss Herbert's management, as Doricourt in *The Belle's Stratagem*, his first appearance (1866) in London. A reference to so well-known a book as Mr. Pascoe's *The Dramatic List* would show that in 1859 "Mr. Irving entered upon a brief engagement at the Princess's Theatre, London, then under the management of the late Mr. Augustus Harris." It is curious, moreover, to find *Don César de Bazan* ascribed to Scribe instead of to Dumasoir and Dennery. Throughout, indeed, Mr. Baker is an untrustworthy guide. The faults detected are the result of a solitary perusal of his work, and are those which leap to the eyes. Now it is as a work of reference that Mr. Baker's new work must stand or fall. It constitutes pleasant enough if delusive reading, and those with a mania for the stage or with a hope of coming upon their own names may read it through. Its purpose is, however, surely to give accurate information, and with that aim alone it is likely to be consulted. Mr. Baker has a long experience of things theatrical, and is not a novice in writing concerning them. He has not yet learned the full value of the dying counsel of the Oxford scholar—"Always verify your quotations," which carries with it as a corollary, Always verify your facts.

#### WHITNEY'S SANSKRIT GRAMMAR.\*

DURING the century that has elapsed since the publication of the first European Sanskrit grammar by Bartholomaeo it has been the tradition among the numerous successors of that writer to adhere to the native system as closely as possible. Now it is true that the results arrived at by the ancient Indians in grammatical investigations are far more scientific than those of any other nation of antiquity, that the native grammarians have furnished an admirable analysis of the linguistic phenomena of Sanskrit, and that comparative philology indirectly owes a large debt of gratitude to their preliminary labours. Nevertheless, the Hindu system cannot be said to be in any way adapted to an historical treatment of language.

It is just ten years since Professor Whitney, in the first edition

\* A Sanskrit Grammar, including both the Classical Language and the Older Dialects of Veda and Brāhmana. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College, New Haven. Second (revised and extended) edition. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

\* *The London Stage: its History and Traditions from 1576 to 1888.* By H. Barton Baker. 2 vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co.



of his grammar, made a new departure, and, throwing off the traditional trammels, attempted to establish Sanskrit grammar on an historical, though not a comparative, basis. This end he hoped to accomplish mainly by including the Vedic dialect, and assigning their due place to the important phenomena of accent.

His independence is also apparent in many minor points, such as the classification of moods and tenses, as well as of compound words; but it is most conspicuous in his treatment of the forms of classical Sanskrit as those of a living tongue, a character which he denies to forms prescribed by the grammarians, but not quotable. Another noticeable feature of his grammar is the prominence given to linguistic statistics, a phase of research to which the American school of philologists has, as is well known, devoted much attention. From all this it is evident that Professor Whitney has done more from a grammatical point of view than any other Sanskritist to clear the ground for a history of the Sanskrit language; and his labours have brought the time appreciably nearer when the exact relationship of the Vedic dialects to the tongue stereotyped as classical Sanskrit by the grammar of Pāṇini, and to the language of the Epics, will be finally determined.

The new edition is enlarged to the extent of more than sixty pages, chiefly by the addition of material collected by the author and other scholars during the last ten years. Almost every page shows marks of improvement in this respect.

A good instance of the statistical treatment of grammatical material is the table on p. 26 (reprinted from the first edition) of all the letters of the Sanskrit alphabet, with the percentage of frequency indicated in each case. From this it appears that about 20 per cent. of the occurrences fall to *ā*, 9 to *ā*, 5 to *ī*, *r*, *v*, and so on. As was to be expected, much new material of this description has been added, while many previous statements have been corrected up to date. Thus it is shown that out of 4,500 instances *ā* is elided after final *e* and *o* only 70 times in the *Rig-Veda*, whereas this elision is invariable in classical Sanskrit. Again, the proportion of unaugmented forms in the *Rig-Veda* is stated as 2,000 to 3,300, while in the *Atharva-Veda* it is less than one-third. The *s*-aorist is, it seems, formed by 140, and the *i*-aorist by nearly 150, verbs in Sanskrit. In § 822 some interesting statistical information is furnished regarding the distinction of tense-value between the perfect and imperfect in various works of the Brāhmaṇa period.

The various figures adduced bring out clearly the recent character of the language of the *Atharva-Veda*, as compared with that of the *Rig-Veda*. It is interesting to note in passing that Professor Oldenberg, in his valuable *Prolegomena*, recently published, applies linguistic statistics with effect, as a criterion of relative age, to various parts of the *Rig-Veda* itself.

The new edition supplies some not unimportant facts omitted in the earlier one. Thus a list of the words ending in radical *r* is given in § 169, and the rule as to the phonetic treatment of the vocative *bhos* is supplied in § 174.

Among the corrections may be noted the six forms of the aorist of *rudh* wrongly stated in the first edition (§ 882). The phonetic rule there violated has proved disastrous to the writers of several other grammars. Professor Whitney must, therefore, derive some consolation from having as companions in misfortune, not only such lesser lights as Edgren and Macdonell (in his abridged edition of Max Müller), but even so great a luminary as Benfey.

Though Professor Whitney expressly avoids mentioning without comment forms for which the grammarians are the sole authority, he states the word *tari* to be one of the few dissyllabic feminines in which retain the *s* of the nominative singular. According to the abridged edition of Böttlingk and Roth's Dictionary this nominative is not quotable. A new and undoubted case is, however, added in the shape of the word *tandri*.

Those persons who, apparently on the strength of the now generally accepted hypothesis of the Indo-European vowel-system, are in the habit of decrying the value of Sanskrit for philological purposes, will find some instructive remarks added in the new edition—e.g. the statement on p. 34, that "the Sanskrit possesses an exceptionally analysable character; its formative processes are more regular and transparent than those of any other Indo-European tongue."

Some scholars may think Professor Whitney rather too prone to suspect the good faith of the Indian grammarians. Speaking of the phonetic rules, for instance, he says:—

This euphonic interdependence of the words of a sentence is unknown to any other language in anything like the same degree; and it cannot but be suspected of being at least in part artificial, implying an erection into necessary and invariable rules of what in the living language were only optional practices. This is strongly indicated, indeed, by the evidence of the older dialect of the Vedas and of the derived Prakritic dialects, in both of which some of the rules (especially that as to the hiatus) are often violated.

But, we may ask, does the history of languages not sufficiently show that what is merely the tendency in an earlier may become the rule in a later phase? And, on the other hand, is it certain that the Prakritic dialects are derived from that precise form of Sanskrit which is analysed by Pāṇini? Have we any more real ground for doubting the accuracy of the classical grammarians than that of their predecessors, the authors of the *Prātichākyas*? Considering their undoubtedly acute appreciation of subtle distinctions of sound, and the absence of any adequate motive for invention on their part, it seems more reasonable to suppose them to have registered the phonetics of the spoken language as they found them actually existing. Those

who are unacquainted with the results of the modern study of phonetics would probably be amazed at the amount of *sandhi* which an English sentence contains and of which they are totally unconscious.

In § 239 Professor Whitney says "the *vṛiddhi* increment is specifically Indian"; which must mean that its use is restricted to Sanskrit, as the preceding paragraph states that "the *gūṇa*-increment is an Indo-European phenomenon." This is manifestly wrong; for what else but *vṛiddhi* is the strong grade vowel in the Greek *πῆ-ποθε* compared with *πῆ-πῆ-ε* and *ῆ-πῆ-ε*, or in the Gothic *baup* compared with *bind-ip* and *bud-ans*?

The vocative *bhos* is stated (§ 456) to be, through the intermediate form *bhavas*, "doubtless a contraction of *bhagavant*." This suggestion will, it is to be feared, induce a serious attack of horripilation among the *Junggrammatiker*. How is such an unheard-of contraction to be explained by the side of the regular vocative *bhagos*? Why should *bhos* not simply be regarded as the contracted form of *bhavas*, the regular ancient vocative of the present participle *bhavant*, in the sense of the "person present," a meaning clearly brought out by the dramatic term *atra-bhavant*, "the gentleman here present"?

With regard to the system of accentuation in Vedic texts, it is stated (§ 92) that "no general attempt is made to define or mark a sentence-accent. The only approach to it is seen in the treatment of vocatives and personal verb forms." But surely these cases cover a great deal of the ground, especially when the treatment of prepositions and enclitics is taken into consideration. What Professor Whitney says regarding the syntactical use of the Vedic accent may now be found still more fully set forth in pp. 26-50 of *Altindische Syntax*, an important work recently published by Delbrück. We may note, in passing, that Delbrück finds the psychological explanation of the fact that the verb of the subordinate clause has, while that of the principal clause has not, the accent, in the relatively greater importance of the subordinate verb with regard to the sense.

In the new edition thick type is adopted throughout for transliteration, while the use of italics to represent translation secures the double advantage of showing the distinction at a glance, as well as of doing away with the continual necessity for inverted commas.

Considering that the Sanskrit type is limited to some paradigms and a few scattered, or, as Professor Whitney would say, scattering words or affixes, while sometimes not a single Sanskrit letter occurs for twenty consecutive pages at a time (e.g. pp. 197-219, 403-22, 480-515), it may well be doubted whether *Devanāgarī* might not have been advantageously discarded altogether. It would, perhaps, have sufficed to give a full alphabetical table, besides retaining the specimen passages printed in various kinds of Sanskrit type at the end. In any case, it is sincerely to be hoped that no Sanskritist will ever be moved to print a book in the large type which mars the beauty of p. 517. It would be a pity to give such a handle to the opponents of the *Devanāgarī* character, whose rancour is already so fierce.

The treatment of the accent and of syntactical uses would have gained much in unity if the sections and paragraphs which lie scattered throughout the book had been collected into continuous chapters. The new edition seems to be free from misprints; but the false quantity in *Māhābhāṣya* catches the eye early in the work (p. xiii).

The short but useful survey of Sanskrit literature which forms the introduction has been brought up to date, but in one or two cases without quite sufficient definiteness. Kālidāsa, for instance, is described as being "doubtless some centuries later than our era." He has been shown by recent research to belong to the sixth century A.D., with as much certainty as is likely to be attained on any question in the chronology of early Indian literature.

The Sanskrit index at the end would have been more convenient if it had been somewhat enlarged. It includes, apparently, only a certain proportion of the irregular nouns, while other words, such as *vanij* or *lakṣmī*, have to be found by looking through the paragraphs in which they are likely to occur.

Professor Whitney's grammar is hardly adapted to the wants of beginners, owing to its size and to the difficulty they would frequently experience in distinguishing what is Vedic in it from what is classical Sanskrit. But since the few defects pointed out above do not appreciably detract from the value of the book as a whole, the new edition, registering, as it does, the advance made during the past decade in the most progressive department of Sanskrit research, will be an almost necessary acquisition to the library of the advanced student, the scholar, and the comparative philologist.

#### SCISSORS WORK.\*

WHEN a book is silly, superfluous, stupid, and so indolent that scissors have had more strokes than the pen in its manufacture, is it worth while to say so? Moralists and critics have debated the question; perhaps the answer is that a stupid book, and a lazy, needless, incompetent book, may as well be exposed now and then, by way of example. Mr. J. R. Rees's *Brotherhood of Letters* appears to us to be as valueless as any

\* *The Brotherhood of Letters*. By J. R. Rees. London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

creature that ever was nailed up on the gamekeeper's gibbet. For silliness the following note may suffice; it is, to be sure, an extreme instance. The passage is given in a footnote, and, like much of the volume, is between inverted commas; but its author is not named, as far as we can follow Mr. Rees's references. Hawthorne was "like Dr. Johnson, who, when indulging in a scene of wild hilarity, suddenly exclaimed to his friends, as Beau Brummell approached, 'Let us be grave; here comes a fool.'" It is characteristic of Mr. Rees that he gives no authority for Johnson's "wild hilarity" in old age, and in presence of such a very young man as Brummell. The passage is a footnote to some pages appropriated from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Is *he* the original authority?

Mr. Rees is free in his quotations from authors of no very old renown. Here it is Mr. C. P. Cranch, there it is Tuckerman, anon it is Thomas Purnell, or George Eliot to Sara Hennell, or Mr. F. W. H. Myers on George Eliot. Stories of the mustiest middle age are quite welcomed by Mr. Rees. Here we have the origin of the *Edinburgh Review* and *tenui aevum*; here we have Leigh Hunt, and Carlyle, and the stars, and "champagne and a chicken." It is as if some one had read all the belated tags of anecdote that fill the corners of country papers, and had stuffed them into a book. Page after page is taken from the shining stores of Mr. Henry Morley; the last chapter is cut out of Walton's *Compleat Angler*, with a few breaks; and we see no reason why Mr. Rees should not have given us a slice of an English version of *Télémaque*. John Ritchie Findlay and Hazlitt are equally welcome to Mr. Rees; both fall beneath his daring and unsparing scissors; and so does F. H. Underwood, and C. M. Barrows, who tells a hopelessly dull anecdote about Mark Twain and a joke of his that missed fire. Higginson (whoever Higginson may be) "says" this and that; and then, incredible as it appears, the wit-combats at the "Mermaid" are lugged in again, as if any man, woman, or child existed who was not perfectly familiar with the passage. The Ettrick Shepherd lies on Scott's sofa once more, and calls Mrs. Scott "Charlotte" with brazen effrontery, as if he were quite fresh and unworn. Rather more novel are the discreet revelations of Hattie Tyng Griswold, who must be American, and may be akin to the biographer of Poe. Lord Tennyson is described by the fair Hattie Tyng as "a great egotist." Has he not sent Hattie his autograph? He "does not like to listen to other people when they talk about themselves." That, perhaps, depends on the people. Sometimes one thinks that Mr. Rees has a kind of alphabetical method in his maunderings. If not, why does Hawthorne lead up to Hannah More? Perhaps because Hawthorne read aloud to his wife, and Garrick read aloud to Hannah More. Sometimes a book about Charles Lamb is fitted by scissors into a chapter. Chapter V. is an example of the style. Two-thirds of a page at the beginning are original, or seem original. Then comes a slice from P. G. Patmore, then a chunk of "Percy Fitzgerald," then a lump from Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, then a page from "Allsop," a sip of Talford, ten pages or so of Hazlitt, and a peroration.

Anecdotes are only tolerable when they are fresh, new, and connected by witty, or learned, or ingenious comment. If there be people to whom Mr. Rees's anecdotes are new, we almost envy their ignorance of literature, and the amount of novel enjoyment which lies before them. But we do not envy them their guide in the regions of the tediously familiar, which may be untrodden ground to them. The last chapter, perhaps, deserves the prize even here for pure indolence. There were eleven pages to fill, and Mr. Rees's scissors took, say, nine and a half of them from Walton. They are like one of the fearful sermons which curates make by repeating the first or second lesson over again, with comments. However, Mr. Rees gives us very little comment. His book is a thing of shreds and patches, and of patches that have decked a hundred clouded literary coats ere now, and been worn threadbare on many a motley before Mr. Rees picked them up, and made them cover intellectual nudity yet once more.

#### STELLAR EVOLUTION.\*

AS a geologist Dr. Croll is naturally aggrieved at the stint of time he is put upon by physical inquirers into the origin of the solar system. Nor is he at all disposed to "hurry up his phenomena." Expedients for quickening the pace are very little to his taste. He is unable to see that advances now made, so to speak, by slowly successive foot-lengths were formerly conducted in seven-league boots. He accordingly rejects the aid, which less strict uniformitarians have been glad to invoke, of antique high tides, intensified winds, exaggerated rainfall, widespread glaciation. The large leisure of rock-building processes shall not, with his consent, be encroached upon. On their behalf he stipulates for a minimum allowance of seventy to ninety millions of years, and is as inaccessible to chaffering bids as the Sibyl herself. If admitted theories cannot afford so ample a span, so much the worse for the theories; with less the requirements of the geological situation cannot be met. It appears that the best stratigraphical timepiece now going, and one the rate of which, Dr. Croll thinks, may be trusted indefinitely backward, is furnished by the sedimentary deposits from rivers. Only it is by no means a simple matter to determine what that rate actually is. Sir

John Herschel relates that, at the Newcastle meeting of the British Association in 1838, the Marquis of Northampton having made a communication on the subject of the ooze-beds of the Mersey, a member asked whether that stream was, in point of turbidity, above or below the average. The ready reply was, "The quality of *Mersey* is not strained." The laborious "straining" operations since conducted on other and greater rivers have led (somewhat precariously) to the conclusion that the average rate of sub-aërial denudation over the entire earth is about one foot in six thousand years. But the total quantity of stratified rock now existing is, by general admission, equivalent to a layer uniformly covering the globe to a depth of fully one thousand feet. Piled above the present land-area, it would rise to four thousand feet; and its deposition, which necessarily proceeded *pari passu* with erosion, occupied by Dr. Croll's calculation  $1,000 \times 6,000 \times 4 = 24$  million years. But we are not to suppose that we have thus reached the beginning of stratification. "The greater mass of sedimentary rocks," our author says with truth, "has been formed out of previously existing sedimentary rocks, and these again out of sedimentary rocks still older. The materials composing our stratified beds must have passed through many cycles of destruction and re-formation. The time required to have deposited at a given rate the present existing mass of sedimentary rocks is probably but a small portion of the time required to have deposited at the same rate the total mass that has actually been formed." Twenty-four million years are then only "a small fraction" of the period elapsed since the first courses of primeval masonry were laid beneath the steaming seas of the pre-Laurentian planet; and we feel that Dr. Croll for once makes a concession when he admits that the immense alternations of construction and destruction, attested no less by all that has been swept away than by the colossal structures which remain, may have been included within ninety millions of years.

Biologists have never as yet ventured to formulate their demands in the way of time. Professor Huxley is content to state that they should be "appalling." Even such a simple performance as the conversion of the "orhippus" into a veritable horse cost, we are assured, uncounted ages of evolutionary effort; and the geological record scarcely takes us within a distance measurable by the imagination of that Arcadian era when the disowned "Bathybius" (of memorably short pedigree) lorded it as the head of creation. One hundred million years undoubtedly make an inconveniently tight fit for the slow sequence of terrestrial phenomena which we are no longer permitted to abbreviate by the interposition of suitably selected catastrophes. Turning away our eyes from the earth, however, we are met by considerations tending very materially to limit the range of this portentous deliberateness. What if, in tracking out the common ancestor of the vertebrates—nay, in merely groping back towards unguled as yet undifferentiated into odd-toed and even-toed—we should find ourselves in a blind world, semi-chaotic still and sunless?

The heat of condensation of the solar system is restricted in amount. For an assignable term of past years the actual solar expenditure may have been going on; for an assignable future term it may be continued, but for no longer in either direction. Now the tendency of modern research is to shorten a term inconveniently short already. Professor Langley has recently shown the sun's thermal outlay to be so much larger than had been previously supposed, that twelve, instead of fifteen, millions of years must be taken as the limit of its possible maintenance up to the present time. This conclusion, however, respecting the "age of the sun" involves two dubious assumptions. Its validity depends both upon the absence of any other source of heat-supply than that derived from gravitation, and upon the indefinite past equability of the solar radiation. Dr. Croll escapes from it by endowing the sun with a vast stock of energy, which cannot, like that generated by the falling together of its particles, be incommodiously circumscribed by calculation. The hypothesis of the formation of the sun and of every other star "from a hot gaseous nebula produced by the colliding of two dark stellar masses" was first advanced by him twenty-one years ago; its probability has, in his opinion, "been very much strengthened by the facts, both astronomical and physical, which have accumulated since the theory was enunciated." We are sorry to disagree with him; but the "Impact Theory" of stellar origin makes demands to which it is impossible to assent.

It starts with the postulate that the greater part of the energy diffused throughout the universe "exists in the form of the motion of stellar masses. The amount of energy," our author continues, "which may thus be stored up is startling to contemplate. Thus a mass equal to that of the sun, moving with a velocity of 476 miles per second, would possess, in virtue of that motion, energy sufficient, if converted into heat, to maintain the present rate of the sun's radiation for fifty million years." And since illimitable space may, in a sense, swarm with such projectiles, the fund to be drawn upon is absolutely inexhaustible. The question, however, is how to make it available. There is but one way possible. Motion must be arrested, to reappear as heat. The rushing masses must be brought to a standstill. This can only be done by the direct impact of one against another, when, after some months or years of indescribable tumult, the vaporized and dissociated elements of the colliding bodies would settle down into a prodigious bulk of nebulous stuff, fraught with the inconceivable molecular potencies implied by a

\* *Stellar Evolution and its Relations to Geological Time.* By James Croll, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Edward Stanford. 1889.



temperature of three hundred million degrees centigrade! Thenceforward, the prescriptions of Laplace's recipe for world-making would be followed, only with the abolition of time-restrictions. Elbow-room for geological processes could be got as easily to the extent of two hundred as of twenty millions of years. If the supply showed any sign of falling short of the demand, reinforcements without limit could be poured in at the source by adding a few hundred miles a second to the original velocities of impact.

But let us draw the rein in this headlong flight and see where it has landed us. What kind of universe is the "pre-nubular" one for which Dr. Croll invites our consideration? Peopled by no bright stars, its frigid realms were traversed in all directions by flying worlds of highly complex chemical constitution, but rayless and dead, exhibiting the original manner of co-existence, from the dawn of creation, of matter and motion. They formed no system, described no regular orbits, but pursued, with enormous velocities, tracks normally rectilinear, casually hyperbolic. The possession of these enormous velocities constituted their hold upon the future. They might be called cheques drawn upon the great bank of molecular energy, which could not be dishonoured, but might never be presented for payment. Indeed, unless the intermutual distances of the bodies owning them were very small compared with the intervals now separating the stars, "odds beyond arithmetic" might be laid against their being so presented within any finite interval of time. Only by the turning-up of the incalculably minute chance of two of them traversing, in opposite directions, virtually identical paths, could a collision become possible. Yet one hundred millions of such extravagantly improbable events should have occurred to produce the telescopically visible inmates of the starry heavens! Moreover the sun and stars should, on Dr. Croll's theory, possess no motions save some remnants which, in the crashes severally forming them, escaped conversion into heat. But the average rate of stellar velocity (so far as it has been ascertained) is, on the contrary, so high as to defy the explanatory powers of rational speculation. Arcturus, for instance, "moves palpably through heaven" at the rate of some 370 miles a second. Without diverging into the region of fable we cannot regard this enormous velocity as an insignificant balance of opposite movements.

The catastrophes depicted by Dr. Croll correspond in no respect (as he fully acknowledges) with the transitory outbursts of "new stars," so that they are entirely without warrant from observation. Nor can the supposed resulting transcendental temperatures be any longer plausibly ascribed to nebulae. The character of the spectra of these objects indicates, judging from Mr. Lockyer's recent experiments, a very moderate degree of heat. Is there then no *via media*? Must the claims of geologists be for ever met by the *non possumus* of cosmogonists? We believe that some approach may be made to a compromise in the sense indicated by M. Faye in his striking work *Sur l'Origine du Monde*.

The sun can only have been emitting light and heat at its present rate during twelve million years. Granted. But how do we know that it has been as lavish in the past as it now is? Probability lies strongly the other way. That there was "husbandry in heaven" during the earlier geological ages is attested to us by every celestial analogy. The stars, in their rudimentary condition, shrouded in dense vapours, and glimmering with fragmentary spectra, waste little energy. As, however, in the course of ages, the photospheres constituting their radiative machinery become fully formed, and the absorptive materials obscuring them subside, they slowly mount towards the splendour of the Sirian stage. Down at least to the Carboniferous era the earth had most likely to depend, in the main, upon its own internal heat. The fetid swamps in which the armour-plated reptiles of the coal-measures wallowed, received little or no sunlight; so far as they were illuminated at all, it was perhaps by such electrically shining clouds as can still be perceived in the guise of seemingly functionless survivals poised in our summer night-skies. A half-condensed sun sent out as yet no rays powerful enough to pierce the double envelope of its own and the terrestrial atmospheres. The unveiling of its glory was reserved for the times heralding the advent of man. The harmonious working of creative design may, with fuller knowledge, be clearly illustrated by the marvellous enchainment, barely suggested to our present ignorance, between the solar ascent to perfection and the development of the higher forms of life upon our globe.

The book we now take leave of, though containing views from which we have felt bound to express our unqualified dissent, is far from being unworthy to be read; and its brevity adds to the ease and interest of its perusal. We regret the more that Dr. Croll should have identified his name with what we regard as a visionary speculation from our admiration for the ability with which he has supported his well-known and valuable hypothesis regarding the secular changes of terrestrial climate.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE extremely handsome book (1) which M. Germain Bapst has written on the Crown jewels of France unites rather unusual claims on the reader. In the first place, the author is a practical jeweller; in the second, he represents a long line of official *jouilliers de la couronne*; and, in the third, he has had considerable

experience in writing and in consulting archives. We have, therefore, little or nothing of that uncritical anecdote-mongering which forms the staple of the usual specialist work on such subjects; while, on the other hand, we have the *expertise* which always fails the ordinary, or even extraordinary, bookmaker of the literary as well as of the penny-a-lining class. M. Bapst records the history of the Crown jewels with a very agreeable mixture of criticism and information. The great diamonds—such as the Sancy and the Regent, the former of which, but for the Great Rebellion, and the latter, but for the parsimony of the House of Hanover, would be companions of the Kohinoor to-day—naturally have most notice; but the almost equally famous and much more oddly named rubies, the *Côte-de-Bretagne*, the *Euf de Naples*, and the *A-Romain*, also have full attention; and M. Bapst records carefully the various settings in which successive professors of his mystery arranged these precious things and others at the bidding of successive royal connoisseurs. For the "diamond necklace," as it never was, properly speaking, a Crown jewel at all, he has scant notice; and, at the other end of the history, he makes short work of the legend which would have it that some of the older stones were the property of Charles of Burgundy, and fell into the hands of the Swiss at Granson or Morat. But his book is full of interest, and it is well illustrated, the illustrations not being the less interesting that he has had to draw upon the portraits of many of the famous royal and noble ladies of the time in order to exhibit the mode of utilizing jewels as part of dress. This function, by the way, save in the case of a few persons of good taste, is far too little considered in our days.

Count d'Hérissou is undoubtedly a very clever person in his way; it is a pity that he is not rather more sweet-blooded. There may be some people to whom perpetual ill temper and unending detraction are pleasant things, but we should hope that they are not many. The Count's present book (2) contains some exceedingly vivid *révélés* of the Commune, which might have been shaped into a most acceptable history. But the rabid fashion in which M. d'Hérissou attacks everything and everybody is likely, in the case of all but very critical readers, seriously to discredit his testimony, and even with them will make the examination of it a kind of purgatory. With him there is "nothing but low and little." He hates M. Thiers; he hates (except one or two) the Communist leaders; he hates the Germans; he hates the English; he hates M. Maxime du Camp because he wrote the history of the Commune before him; he cannot let the Archbishop rest in his martyr's grave unblamed; he tells us with ill-concealed delight how the famous civilian (we forget his name) who showed the Versailles the way into Paris carried his head too high, and came to grief. Nobody (except a few people from viscounts to murderers who have given him information) gets a good word from M. d'Hérissou. The ineffable massacre of the Rue Haxo, before which even September hides his comparatively judicial head, finds in him a glowing describer and denunciator; but he is as severe on the just punishment of the fusillades of Père Lachaise. Nor does he seem in the least to see that, even if (an enormous concession) all that he says against Thiers as having deliberately hurried on the Commune were true, he has gained little. Did M. d'Hérissou never hear of the common practice in medicine of ripening, in order to cure it, an inevitable disorder? Of course we can say nothing to justify M. Thiers from the crime of not employing the Count; but that is the only count in the indictment on which there seems to us any difficulty.

Three of the four novels on our list are rather above the average in point of literary power; but they all suffer, as does the fourth, from the drawback of being distinctly "unpleasant." M. René Maizeroy (3) is by no means the least ingenious and "talented" devotee of the goddess whose name begins with Lu- and does not end with -idity. But his Aphrodite, like the Aphrodite of so many of them, is of iron and clay, not of gold. There is no immoral purpose in the pitiful history of "Margaridou" (Provençal diminutive of "Margarida," the prettiest form of the prettiest of all names), the ill-fated heroine of *Le joug* (4). But the story is simply painful from the first, and becomes at the last simply hideous. There may be people who take pleasure in reading for several pages how an enraged bull gores, tramples, and tosses into a pulp a girl who is not far from becoming a mother; but we do not think that it is one of the offices of literature to cater for them. M. Hennique, a stalwart of the stalwarts in the faith of Zola, appears to have written *Un caractère* (5) partly to give a great deal of minute but unreal description, and partly to recount at length how his hero's mother, wife, daughter, and (we think, but so many death-beds confuse the memory) granddaughter, "died of the chest" in their early age. It is not "shocking," but it is dimly dull and dully dismal beyond expression. *Myrrha-Maria* (6) is a semi-historical novel, with Charles XII., his victim Patkul, and the latter's avenging daughter for chief actors. We wish we could say that it is lively; but it is not. Between the *genre embêtant* pure and simple and the *genre embêtant* with the hideous or the harrowing thrown in, one is really in rather evil case among these novelists of merry France.

(2) *Nouveau journal d'un officier d'ordonnance—La Commune*. Par le Comte d'Hérissou. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *La belle*. Par René Maizeroy. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Le joug*. Par E. Delard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Un caractère*. Par L. Hennique. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(6) *Myrrha-Maria*. Par D. Meténier. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(1) *Histoire des joyaux de la couronne de France*. Par Germain Bapst. Paris: Hachette.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THOSE to whom Mr. Whittier is only known as a poet will welcome *Margaret Smith's Journal: Tales and Sketches* (Macmillan & Co.), a volume which contains his principal contributions to prose literature. The story which gives its name to the collection was published in America as long ago as 1866; but we believe that it has never before been reprinted in this country, and it may be considered as practically a new book. Margaret Smith is supposed to begin her *Journal* of doings "in the province of Massachusetts Bay," in May 1678, and she closes it fourteen months later. Although Mr. Whittier, with characteristic modesty, excuses his graceful fiction for no doubt containing inaccuracies in respect to persons, places, and dates, a singularly exact knowledge of the colonial life is needed to enable a reader to detect them, while all can appreciate the delicate skill with which the tone of the times, and its very language, are reflected. Margaret Smith's pity for Indians and for witches and for heretics of all sorts is perhaps a little unusual in a contemporary of Cotton Mather; but it is not unprecedented. The violence of the age is curiously and accurately reflected in the sentiments of Margaret's friends and relations. When her brother Leonard becomes a Quaker her orthodox uncle warns her, "if I do not chastise him myself, it is because the constable can do it better at the cart-tail. As the Lord lives, I had rather he had turned Turk." This is worthy of the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth. Some of Mr. Whittier's shorter stories, here reprinted, were originally published so long ago that they belong to the antiquity of American fiction. When *Passaconaway* appeared, in 1833, Hawthorne, "the most obscure man of letters in America," was in seclusion at Salem, trying his 'prentice hand on the first draft of *Twice-Told Tales*. Messrs. Macmillan are to be thanked for giving us a delightful volume.

A group of translated novels lies on our table and may be briefly dismissed. For *the Right* (James Clarke & Co.) has been translated from the German of Karl Emil Franzos by Miss Julie Sutter. Dr. George MacDonald contributes a preface, written in that unfortunate vein of stilted pietism which his old admirers so greatly regret; it closes with this remarkable conundrum:—"The failures of some will be found eternities beyond the successes of others." Mr. Gladstone has lately been recommending this romance in more persuasive tones. Herr Franzos, who is half a Pole, and whose imagination is Slavonic rather than German, is a vigorous young novelist who deserves to be better known in this country than he is at present. The popular series of the works of Count Tolstoi (Walter Scott) now includes *My Religion*, translated by Mr. Huntington Smith, and *Life*, translated by Miss Isabel Hopgood. These two books are not, properly speaking, novels themselves, but their study is essential to an appreciation of the *tendenz*-fiction of their author. These volumes are brought out in an attractive form. Persons who enjoy the work of M. Georges Ohnet, and who cannot read French, may consult *The Rival Actresses* (Vizetelly & Co.).

In great haste Messrs. George Routledge & Sons have prepared a sixpenny *Life of John Bright*. Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, has sent us *May in Anjou; with other Sketches and Studies*, by Eleanor C. Price, a collection of graceful papers on old-world places in the North and West of France. The latest addition to the Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature is a translation of *The Provincial Letters* of Pascal (Griffith, Farran, & Co.). An American contribution to the labour question is Mr. Nicholas Paine Gilman's *Profit-sharing between Employer and Employee* (Macmillan & Co.), a study in the evolution of the wages system which may be warmly recommended for its readableness and its evidences of research. From Messrs. Cassell & Co. we have received the first volume of *The New Popular Educator*, and from the General Medical Council *The Dentists' Register* for 1889.

The American author of the volume of verse called *The Afternoon Landscape* (Longmans, Green, & Co.), Colonel T. W. Higginson, has the misfortune to be chiefly known in this country by some splenetic attacks on English manners and English people. It will be unfortunate if, from the prejudice naturally so caused, his book of verses is neglected, for it is graceful and accomplished above the common. Mr. Higginson is, in particular, one of the best American sonnetteers. His work is always thoughtful, elegant, a little cold and dry perhaps, but not more so than is to be expected from a growth so characteristic of Massachusetts. Here is a quatorzain, less regular in form than usual, but fairly representative of his manner:—

## ASTRA CASTRA.

Somewhere betwixt me and the farthest star,  
Or else beyond all worlds, all space, all thought,  
Dwells that freed spirit, now transformed and taught  
To move in orbits where the immortals are.

Does she rejoice or mourn? Perchance from far  
Some earthly errand she but now has sought,  
By instantaneous ways among us brought,  
Ways to which night and distance yield no bar.

Could we but reach and touch that wayward will  
On earth so hard to touch, would she be found  
Controlled or yet impetuous, free or bound,  
Tameless as ocean, or serene and still?

If in her heart one eager impulse stirs,  
Could heaven itself calm that wild mood of hers?

Mr. Higginson's translations from Petrarch are particularly

meritorious. R. F. T., who signs *A Life, Love; and other Poems* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), has the peculiarity of writing in conscious and intentional imitation of *In Memoriam*, as he confesses in a prefatory note. It is not impossible to admire the dexterity of a hand which copies its original so closely as this:—

And through it all a deepening key  
Of music other voices still;  
A growing murmur past the hills,  
A message from the nearing sea.

But criticism can hardly deal with it, except to remark that Lord Tennyson would have avoided "voices stills." Mr. Evelyn Douglas, whose *Love Sonnets* are printed at Chelmsford, by J. H. Clarke, understands the form he uses, and employs it correctly; but his lines are apt to be languid.

We have received new editions of Charles Kingsley's *Poems* (Macmillan & Co.), now reprinted, as we learn from a bibliographical note, for the fourteenth time; of Dr. Alpheus Todd's massive work *On Parliamentary Government in England* (Longmans, Green, & Co.), edited by his son; of *Ulu* (Sampson Low & Co.), the rather unlucky African novel perpetrated by Mr. Joseph Thomson and Miss Harris Smith; a ninth issue of Miss Yonge's novel of *The Caged Lion* (Macmillan & Co.); and a reprint of Hugh Miller's still popular *My Schools and Schoolmasters* (Nimmo, Hay, & Mitchell).

The author of *Iadis* writes to us to point out that a full table of descent from Margaret Plantagenet to Charlotte Crompton is given in his book.

The Rev. G. J. COWLEY-BROWN, Incumbent of St. John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, writes to us that he is not the Rev. Dr. TEAPE described as "Incumbent of St. John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh," in an article on the "Wickedness of Playing" in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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## THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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